

# THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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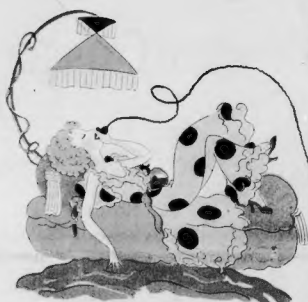
## Guests We Never Invite Again

By the Brilliant Satirist

FISH



Ladies With Pet Dogs—"Oh, Naughty! Naughty! Auntie Will Never Invite You Again"



Young Guest Who Uses Your Phone For Very Long Distance Calls to His Girl Friend



Fat Guest Who Borrowed Your Bathing Suit and Has Split It—"I'm So Sorry, Darling—Your Bathing Suit Has Burst—It Must Have Been Rotten, My Dear"



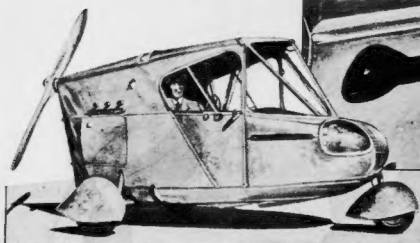
Young Guest Who Learns to Drive in Your Car



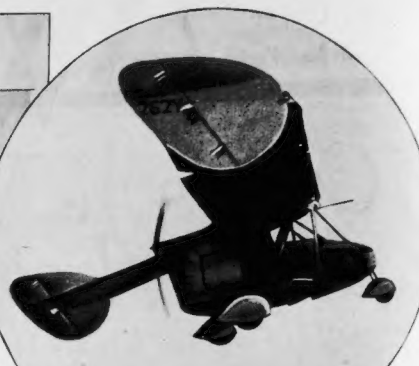
Lady Guest Who Takes Your Cook From You—"Well, Darling—She Was Going to Leave You at the End of the Month Anyway"

# New Auto That "Flies Through The Air With The Greatest Of Ease"

Waldo Waterman's Flying Automobile as It Looks on the Ground—A Streamlined Vehicle That Would Attract No Particular Attention.



The Flying Auto With Its Wings Spread, Ready to Hop Over Instead of Along the Highways.



Off the Ground and 600 Feet in the Air the Body Still Looks Like an Ordinary Car, but It Is Traveling Now Without Any Traffic Stops, at Twice Its Ground Speed of 70 Miles an Hour.

HOW would you like to drive your automobile to an airport? Attach wings to the machine and take off for a ride in the air?

That's what Waldo Waterman of Santa Monica, California, does with a combination automobile and tailless airplane of his own design that he calls the "Arrowbile". The craft, a three-wheeled streamliner automobile when on the highways is driven into a hangar where the wing is let down upon the car's top and fastened by a system of levers. As the motor is already heated by the trip to the airport, the

usual warm-up required of airplane engines is unnecessary and the ship is ready to take off. During a recent demonstration at Clover Field, Santa Monica, the change from car to plane was accomplished in 2 minutes 45 seconds. Upon reaching his destination, the driver takes into a hangar, the wing is unattached, hoisted off and stored in much the same way as an automobile is checked in any parking lot.

On the ground, the craft is capable of 70 miles an hour. The cabin arrangement—doors, windows, floor pos-

ition and seating arrangements are the same as in a modern streamline coupe. The same wheel used in driving the strange vehicle controls the machine while in the air.

The motor, a six-cylinder automobile engine, is in the rear and, by a system of clutching, the power is supplied to either the rear wheels or the propeller at will. When the craft is used as an automobile the propeller, which is in the rear, is stationary. On the ground or in the air, the auto-plane averages 16 miles in the gallon of gasoline, and it uses ordinary motor fuel instead of aviation gasoline.

While in the air, the plane has a

top speed of 120 miles an hour and a landing speed of 70 miles. According to Designer Waterman, who spins the name "inventor," the craft is fool-proof and takes just 40 per cent of the skill required to fly an orthodox airplane. He adds that anyone who should be driving an automobile should be able to handle this hybrid in the air as well as on the ground.

Unlike most aircraft, the "Arrowbile" is flown entirely by a steering wheel, and the feet are not used for turning by use of a rudder. By turning the wheel the plane is

banked to the right or left, and by pushing the wheel forward or backward the ship is raised up or down.

In the opinion of some experts, the "Arrowbile" is the best flier ever yet designed.

## Cleveland's Army of Silent Traffic Cops To Safeguard Crossings

NOT long ago more than a hundred trim new members of the Cleveland, Ohio, police force were put to work. These "cops," although they were assigned to the different precincts of the city, were not put on the municipal payroll, will draw no salary and, no matter what the weather, get no time off. They will work twenty-four hours a day.

The additions to the efficient body of men who keep the peace in the fifth city of this country are as a close study of the photograph will reveal, miniature figures made of wood, metal, cardboard and paint. Their job will be to warn motorists that they are in the vicinity of a school and to slow down.

It seems that Cleveland, like many another American community, was entitled to a certain amount of work by WPA artists, and the city fathers, feeling that they wanted no more murals for public buildings, put their heads together and tried to figure out some practical way for the artists to put in their time.



These Handsome, Young Men Are Members of Cleveland's Police Department, but They Draw No Salaries. Have No Families to Support, and You Can't Harm Them With Bullets. They Are WPA Art Project Creations Built to Guard Crossings Near Schools.

Among other suggestions was one that the talents of the painters be used to dress up the streets and protect the lives of children. The last scheme hit upon was the miniature, but effective officers that are shown "on parade" in the photograph which was made when the last of the robots was completed and ready to go on the job.

It must be said that the WPA artists who designed and painted the school warnings did a remarkably good job. They clothed a handsome and stalwart policeman dressed in the modern manner and made each of the copies of the fellow life-size.

The right hand was raised and was made prominent with a



The Haussa Hunterman With His "Fowling Piece," a Head-Dress Designed to Camouflage His Presence in the Field. Below, He Is Seen Stalking His Prey That Entitles Him to the Belief That He's a Bird Fowling and Not a Man.



## Mr. Haussa's Quaint Hunting Costume

WHEN deer hunters in this country go after their soft-eyed, fleet-footed quarry they usually wear bright red caps so that other hunters won't make the mistake of shooting at them. But except for this protective coloring they wear outfits that blend with the background of their activities. This simple method of camouflage is intended, of course, to make the sportsmen less apparent to the animals they hope to shoot and bring proudly home to have the antlered head stuffed and present their friends with choice cuts of venison.

The fellow shown in the photograph has no knowledge of the shenanigans that American hunters go through in pursuit of the gentle deer, but he too is an expert at the avocation of stalking game—although with him it is a vocation that makes it possible for him to eat regularly.

He is a member of the Haussa tribe and lives in the grassy flatlands of Nigeria, Africa. He has no high-powered rifle equipped with such ultra-modern gauges as telescope sights, but manages to do all right with a bow and a shoal of homemade arrows. And he, too, has to resort to a few tricks to catch up with the birds and beasts that he goes after.

snow-white glove. The left hand was placed at the fellow's side in the most approved military fashion. The cap was given a vicer with a high shine on it and decorated with an official-looking emblem.

The words "Slow School" were painted in the same gleaming white so that they cannot possibly be missed by any driver who can read the simplest words of the English language.

The WPA cops are so well done that to many drivers who are strangers in Cleveland



A New Cuffing Which Lately Has Intrigued the Smart New York Set. Note the Horned Peaks, Which Have Won the Popular Title of "Cute Little Devil Effect." The Youthful Dusk So Envisaged by the Ladies.

# "Arabian Nights" Adventure of the Poor Theatre Usher

Miss Orlova, Pretty Stage Star, Invites Him to Marry Her, Then Eludes Him After the Wedding and Young Mr. Finn Finds Out at Last Why She Needed a Husband-in-Name-Only



Edward W. F. Finn, Who Wondered Why the Pretty "Vauties" Dancer Invited Him to Marry Her and Then, as Soon as the Wedding Was Over

Kept Away From Him Until She Went Off in Europe.

EVERY evening Edward W. F. Finn sighed and wished he were a millionaire as he watched from the second balcony the beautiful and slinky Miss Gay Orlova do a sort of strip act in the show, "Murder at the Vanities." But he was only a nineteen-year-old usher in a New York theatre, earning \$10 a week, so it was silly to dream about her. Such a gorgeous creature was not for him. Then, like one of those impossible happenings in a dream, he met the little blonde beauty, he says, and she abruptly asked him to marry her and move into her cosy flat.

If he had been invited to meet John D. Rockefeller and instead of a thin dime, the rich man had handed him a million dollars he could not have been more dumfounded. The rosy-cheeked boy must be dreaming or else she was kidding him. But no, the gloriously beautiful creature, a prize for whom only the rich and important might reasonably aspire, was dead-serious about throwing herself away on him and wanted to do it right then and there.

The queer love scene, he says, struck Eddie as more improbable than anything he had seen in a novel, and he had seen them all on complimentary tickets, except those with matinees on the same day as his theatre, the Majestic. The meeting had come about naturally enough. The ushers, including young Mr. Finn, put on a burlesque of the "Murder" show, after which they were all invited to a feed at Miss Orlova's swell apartment.

There for the first time Eddie tasted fresh caviar and imported champagne but what intoxicated him was a close-up view of the woman he had been admiring from the far-off top of the house. He was just thinking that the old line about distance lending enchantment was the bunk when Miss Orlova turned her wonderful eyes on him, just as if she had read his thoughts.

"The youth had heard a comedian say that the younger 'generation' had lost the power of blushing which was some more bunk because he felt his face burning up. A moment later his hostess came over to inform him that she often watched him through the peep-hole in the curtain, ushering up in the second balcony.

"That didn't throw me," said Finn, "because all the actors do that to see how big the house is going to be. Next day though, she asked me and another usher to take her to a movie and the night after that I took her alone. Sunday we went to the St. George swimming pool in Brooklyn. She paid the taxi both ways and said I was nice looking which was something, coming from a lady with her good looks."

"Coming back in the taxi, she acted like a girl does who expects to be necked, so I took a chance and loved her up, just a little. That wouldn't mean a thing to her of course but, Lord knows it did to me. For one thing it made me ambitious to be rich enough some time to marry a girl like Miss Orlova and it wasn't more than a couple of days later I told my friend Sydney Reimer that I would go back to Texas with him, where she said a fellow could get rich very easily in a few years. When I told Gay about it, she looked hurt and said:

"You'd do better to stay right here and marry me."

"I almost felt out of my chair and then I remembered a scene where a beautiful duchess made a boob of a plumber's helper by flirting with him. I didn't want to be a boob so I tried to laugh it off but it hurt to have the girl you are crazy about tease you like that. She had to tell me a couple of times more before I believed she was serious. Then I asked her how I was going to do it on \$10 a week."

"That doesn't matter," she told me. "You move right in here with me. I have influential friends who will get you a job with big money."

"And did my heart beat? Here was



The Pretty Little Love Cheater in Stage Costume. (Photo by Murray Korman, New York.)

this pip of a girl offering herself to me on a golden platter. I had listened on the radio the night they offered Jimmy Walker the renomination for mayor of New York. He said, 'Who could refuse?' and now I said it again. Everything was set for the next morning."

"She kissed me goodbye like she meant it but my address can do that. When I got outdoors I remembered mother always said that when you get something for nothing it's a gold brick. So I asked Sydney and another friend, Bob Crater, if they could see any catch in it. They said it was crazy and too good to be true but she must be doing it for love because what else could a woman get out of a ten-dollar-a-week usher?"

"I went home to the Bronx so crazy happy that twice I came near being run over. But when I got there, I hadn't the nerve to tell mother about

my wonderful luck because she wouldn't have believed in an Arabian Nights tale like that. By that time I remembered one of the first shows I ever saw. It began with a beggar being invited into an Arabian palace to love and riches and all that, but at the end he was back begging again."

Sydney and Bob went along as best man and witness. When we picked up Gay you should have seen their eyes pop out at her beauty, and then they took a look at me as if they hadn't realized what a guy I was. I just sat there in a sort of trance, staring at her. It was like one of those dreams where you find you can walk on air. I just stopped worrying and let things happen. There wasn't but a dollar or two in my pocket, hardly enough to pay the taxi, but it got paid. Somebody handed me a ring and somebody paid for the license too—I guess it must have been Gay."

"The license clerk at the Municipal Building gave me a hard look, as if he thought he ought to forbid the bans or something and so did the bride who married us. When it was over Sydney and Bob scrambled but first Syd said, 'You lucky dog, you'll need this tonight' and stuck \$20 in my pocket."

"Along with his bride in the taxi, Eddie was going to suggest plans for the bridal night but the bride lost so much time in dictating them herself. 'You didn't tell your mother, did

you?' announced, 'so you must go home and spend the night with her to square yourself.'"

"That was a blow to Eddie. He could not understand how a girl who must feel the way he did because she was marrying, all for love, could send him home the first night. But then, look what he was getting, the young man thought. He mustn't fuss about 24 hours when she was to be his until death should part them. And just then he had a happy idea.

"Daring!" he murmured tenderly, "there are still more than three hours before either of us is due at the theatre, where shall we go?"

"Well I am going shopping with a girl friend," Gay spoke up promptly. "And here is a seat for you at the Winter Garden—guess there won't be much time to see you at the theatre tonight, so we won't try. Call me up tomorrow."

Sad, but obedient, Eddie slumped into his theatre seat, idly wondering if Gay would give away the other two tickets he noticed she also had. Presently a man and woman took the two next to him. He didn't see why they looked at him with such amused curiosity and he caught the words, "passport husbands." Having just become a husband he wondered what kind that would be.

Just as he feared, Eddie's mother said, "gold brick." Though Mrs. Finn could not suggest any ulterior motive for marrying her son, nothing would shake her conviction that there was something wrong. The following morning when he called the bride at her apartment she seemed in the best of spirits and told him to meet her after the matinee at the Eai Shoppe on Eighth Ave. The ardent bridegroom thought that matinee would never end but it had some compensations. When he saw men of various ages staring admiringly through opera glasses at Gay's charms, Eddie stuck proudly to himself.

"They think I am just an usher, later, in fact when the steamer sailed. What would they say if I told them that she was my wife, coming to meet

Gay Orlova, Whose "Come Hither" Eyes and Smile Beckoned to the Penniless Usher and He Married Her, Marveling at His Miraculous Good Luck. (Photo by Murray Korman, New York.)

me right after the performance?" It was Saturday, and another delay while he collected his pay, but he would need that ten for the bridal night, which, of course, would not be postponed again. She was there waiting, if not a blushing bride at least a beaming one, but her first words he says, hit him "like she had slapped me in the face with a wet fish."

She was going to England in a few days to fill a big theatrical engagement, which was going to make her terribly busy. Eddie was stunned but as soon as he could get his breath, he remarked reproachfully: "As long as I am not supporting you I suppose I have no right to forbid your leaving me like this, but, just the same, it's a mean trick on me."

Gay pouted and looked hurt as she answered: "Rich husbands interfere with a girl's career but I don't think you would and I'll be right back in a few minutes. I'll be seeing you sometime before I go. You'll have to excuse me here's Earl looking for me now." She got up and joined Earl Carroll, manager for the "Vanities," while Mr. Finn slunk out, a broken-hearted man. Not a word had been said about getting him a big job or taking him into her nice, cosy apartment, at least until she left.

The next few performances at the theatre were the most tantalizing experiences of his life. There was that lovely creature, his to enjoy exclusively, by the laws of God and man, yet as unavailable in fact as she was to any of the men around him whom he admired, if somewhat risibly remarks, he overheard. Finally she sent for him and bursting with protests he entered her dressing room. Before he could say a word she handed him a pen and told him she wanted him to sign some papers.

"They are statements that we are married," she informed him, "a mere formality."

The kissless husband had no sooner signed them than she hurried out, assuring him over her shoulder that she would see him later. It was much later, in fact when the steamer sailed. On his way back to the front of the

house, Eddie saw a bunch of actors roaring with laughter at a telegram pinned to the bulletin board. They became suspiciously quiet when they saw him, so he waited until they had gone, then he returned and read that telegram. It was from Earl Carroll to Gay and said:

"IF YOU HAD TO MARRY AN USHER, WHY FROM THE SECOND BALCONY?"

The bewildered Mr. Finn asked another usher to find out what the plot really was and this was what he reported:

"She's a Russian. Her real name is Galina Orloff, and like millions of other foreigners that don't belong in this country, nobody will bother her as long as she stays here. But she is going to England and they might make some trouble when she tries to get in again. As the wife of an American citizen, they can't stop her."

At the steamer Eddie managed to see her long enough to ask what she was going to do about him.

"Get a divorce," she answered and the interview was over. In a few weeks he heard she was back, then gone again. Next time, she turned up in Miami, only to cross the ocean to Paris, appearing and disappearing for a couple of years but still no divorce. In spite of his mother's advice and the jokes of his friends the unkind husband waited. His Arabian Nights dream had been shattered but he clung to one forlorn hope.

He had been led to the gates of heaven only to have them slammed in his face but still she remained married to him and for all he knew, true. Possibly such patient devotion might be rewarded yet, with that long-overdue kiss. Then came the final crushing blow.

Reading about the trial of "Lucky" Luciano, head of New York's vice ring, the vilest of all the rackets, Eddie learned that his beautiful and supposedly angelic Gay had all that time been one of the sweethearts of the unrepentant "Lucky." At last it dawned on him that she had merely married the poor usher as a convenient way of fooling the immigration authorities every time the gangster called for her.

"That was the last straw. The other day he had the marriage annulled and now Gay is worse off than ever because this makes her no longer an American citizen and, after all that publicity, the immigration authorities will watch for her if she tries to come back. Also her nasty boy-friend 'Lucky' is behind the bars."





Having Run Her Fingers Angriest Through Her Hair, the Little One Snapped by the Concealed Camera Started Right In on a Show of Temper, Thus Affording a Youngster's Expression Impossible to Miss.

# "Tantrums"

**L**UCKY, and extremely rare are the parents whose youngsters don't, now and then, break out in a temper tantrum. And unluckily the child who doesn't suffer a bit of forthright discipline at such times to discourage their recurrence.

Psychologists have given a great deal of time and thought to the emotional behavior of the very young and the importance of such shenanigans in later life. Children, they say, who are allowed to scream and howl when nothing much is the matter with them are very likely to grow up into petulant and over-sensitive adults who find it difficult to get along amicably with themselves and with others.

The photographs on this page were snapped by a wandering photographer who takes a special interest in snapping children when they are not "watching the birdie" and conscious of the fact that they are having their pictures taken. He has, he says, learned a lot about the young "homo sapiens" and has decided not to go in for raising a large family of his own. He quickly adds, however, that he has come upon hundreds of lovely little sharers with sunny dispositions and not bad-had manners.

The little girl at the left of the page is not at all interested in the cameraman. In fact she didn't know that he was around when she went into a fit of temper that changed her usually happy expression and assailed the ears of her folks and others in the neighborhood. She mused up her curly hair, rubbed her eyes with her chubby fingers and managed to get thoroughly disheveled. And all because she wasn't allowed to do something that the psychologists would label as "non-social behaviorism" — something

like pulling a lamp off a living-room table or using a sharp knife as a plaything.

The young man in the center of the page is registering basic animal rage because he's had such a lot of fun all day and doesn't want to go home and eat his supper. All the coaxing of his mother couldn't change his attitude, so she finally resorted to force, grabbed him by the seat of his pants and did what many parents regard as the proper procedure in such cases.

At the extreme right of the page is a close-up study of a youthful set of features pulled out of shape by a tantrum made evident by a frowning expression and a piercing scream. This display of personality and temperament was induced because the tot didn't like the idea of going to bed.

There are a few modern parents who have accepted the notion that heavy hands never should be laid on a child, even in such extenuating circumstances as this, and that the babies should be reasoned with. Most fathers and mothers, however, are convinced that a good, old-fashioned spanking is the proper antidote.

Experts in such matters say that many youngsters scream and otherwise cut up noisy and unregimented diodes because they want to attract attention to themselves. In such cases they are egotists, and playing in the most effective way they know for the spotlight. But usually the conditions are favorable for action.

A firm parental hand is still a good cure for tantrums. In the case of the young man in the center of the page, a firm parental hand is still a good cure for tantrums.



An Ordinary Tantrum Is Always Accompanied by a Scream Such as This Child Was Providing While Photographed. She Just Doesn't Want to Go to Bed, and Won't Be Coaxed, Either. Spanking Was Invented for Such Cases.

## Scotland's Smallest School

**T**HE simple little structure shown in the photograph below is one of the least expensive and pretentious school buildings in the world but it is well known in Scotland because it has the distinction of being the smallest public school in the country. The four youngsters standing beside the rear of the institution of learning make up the student body. Their names are Bruce and their folks are shepherds in Glen Nova, which is in Inverness-shire. In short, Scotland's tiniest school is, ex-

cept for the teacher, strictly a family affair. The law provides that there shall be a school at Glen Nova and that it shall be presided over by a full-time teacher so long as there is even one pupil to learn reading, writing and arithmetic. Every citizen in the community has to pay for the upkeep of the school and, if they send no children there, that is not the fault of the government or of the Bruce who pay only their proportionate share and derive all the benefits.

The Bruce youngsters stand exceptionally high in their studies because the teacher can concentrate all her time and energies to them.



This Little Fellow Doesn't Want to Go Home. He Had Such a Good Time All Day and Naturally Thinks It Shameful to Give Up Having Fun. Another Study of Facial Expression Seldom Caught by the Camera.

## How the Frog Fooled the Snake

**M**OTHER NATURE designed snakes with jaws that unhinge and skins that stretch so that they eat creatures bigger than themselves. But once in a while these serpentine diners bite off more than they can chew, as the remarkable photograph below dramatically shows.

The would-be diner, in this case, is a whistling garter snake. And the intended morsel is a good-sized frog. The snake probably had taken in big meals before and couldn't imagine why it was so much trouble getting this one inside its skin.

It seems that frogs have a few tricks, too, including the ability to take in great quantities of air and puff themselves out like a live balloon. That's exactly what this hoppers did when he found that he was caught in the jaws of the enemy.

The snake managed to get the frog's long legs in his maw and stretch its jaws prodigiously. But every time it would get ready for another gulp the frog would indulge in deep-breathing exercises and make itself a little bigger.

With all its tricks and strenuous efforts the garter snake was getting nowhere.

This photograph was taken when the battle had been going on for an hour and it lasted another 45 minutes. Then the snake gave up his swollen dinner as a bad job. Little by little the puffed victim was released until it was clear of the stalker.

The principals were considerably upset and worn out by their shenanigans. When the frog was in the clear, the snake lay dormant for a few minutes, wondering perhaps what had gone

wrong. And it was tired from attempting to gulp down something that stubbornly refused to be taken into the snake's body to be slowly absorbed.

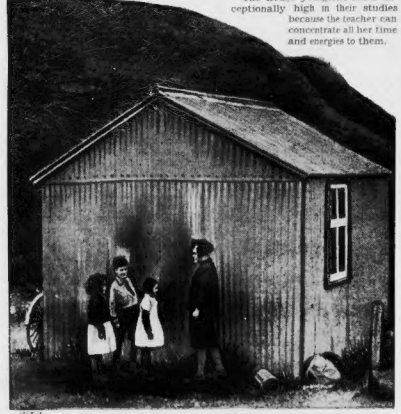
The frog suffered little damage from the experience but its long hind legs were cramped and stiff after almost two hours in such close quarters and it, too, took things easy until it felt both relaxed and active enough to hop away from the uncomfortable spot.

It was fortunate for the frog that the fellow who exhaled him was one of the least vicious and poisonous of snakes that are found in the United States. This scene took place in Portland, Oregon, but if it had occurred further south where there are bigger serpents with potent poison in their fangs, the long-legged victim would have been punctured into a stupor and wouldn't have had the pep to continue its inhalations of air.

Frogs and toads have little protection against their enemies in the way of body armor. They do make a little fluid, which makes them a not too enjoyable meal.

A Black Widow Spider, only a fraction the size of the garter snake would have done a much more efficient job because the poison she injects in the bodies of her victims is much more deadly than the stuff that rattlesnakes carry around with them.

The Black Widow doesn't care much for frog meat and saves her venom for bugs and occasionally small birds, which she much prefers to inhale. But now and then one of the powerful spiders stumbles onto a frog, and rabies to the attack as a matter of instinct. If she strikes she kills.



The Four Children, All Members of a Shepherd's Family, Who Comprise the Entire Class of the Schoolhouse at Inverness-shire, Scotland. This Imposing Structure Is Called the Glen Nova School.

## Ants Robbed B. Lazy Beetles

**A**N interesting wrinkle in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest recently was uncovered by some of Uncle Sam's scientists out in the grain fields of Kansas.

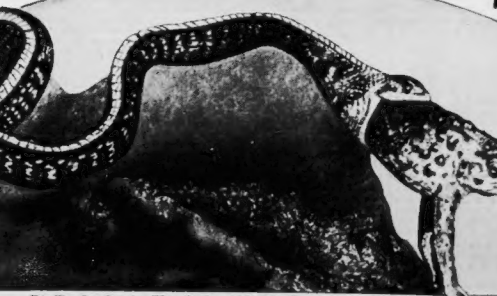
These workers, observers for the United States Department of Agriculture, were studying the ways of some of the more serious grain pests in order to map out a more effective way of making war against them. Their attention was attracted to the strange behavior of beetles, adults of the so-called false wire-worm.

The beetles, instead of doing their own foraging, were waylaid by the hard-working small red ants and robbing the little insects of bits of grain. The entomologists don't know how long this hijacking has been going on, but they do know that the ants don't like the business and although handicapped by the beetles, are not afraid of the larger and stronger bugs.

Over a wide area the entomologists snooped at the thieving beetles and their victims and saw the bigger bugs rob hundreds of their industrious cousins carrying grain to their sandy mounds. Sometimes the beetles made a concerted attack and several of them would pounce on one ant. In some cases the burglars worked singly, and instead of feeding in the fields just wanted near the antmounds and ambushed the smaller and more industrious insects. They turned out to be efficient thugs.

The ants tried their best to discourage the fishing. The instant one of them was set upon by a beetle it would drop its load and start to fight, biting viciously at the beetle's legs. The beetle, however, usually got away and with the stolen goods.

In spite of the depredations of the beetles, the ants managed to collect enough food for their colonies by working even harder than usual.



This Was One Occasion When the Serpent Failed. Though He Tried an Hour and 45 Minutes to Swallow the Frog, the Victim Fooled His Captor and Escaped by Inflating His Body With Air, and Making Himself Indigestible.

## Windows for Umbrellas

**T**IME was, and not so long ago, when umbrellas were very much of a "standard" commodity, made of black, rain-shedding cloth, with little variations in shape or size. But something is happening to the umbrellas. It is being improved and modernized all the time.

Inventors have experimented with all sorts of metal skeletons and worked out shapes that seem to protect the user better than the umbrellas of a few years ago.

The impression got around that the umbrella with "good visibility" is a product of Anglo-Saxon ingenuity and that it was born on the soil of England, but, in this case, it seems that the credit belongs to this side of the Atlantic. About three years ago a San Francisco woman appeared on the streets of the California city with an ordinary umbrella which had been remodeled so that one of its black cloth panels was fitted with an oblong window of transparent material. Early in 1935 The American Weekly published that picture.

Many such innovations are a bit on the silly side, but no one ever questioned the common sense of windowed umbrellas. The wonder was that no one had thought of the improvement years and years ago.

Antiquarians who spend their time tracing the history of the common tools, utensils and accoutrements of the human race, have made quite a study of the umbrella. They don't yet know who made the first one or what part of the world the convenience came from. But they do know that

the Chinese had umbrellas, to ward off the rain and the heat of the sun, centuries before the rise of Greece and Rome. Perhaps the Orient, which is the birthplace of so much of man's culture, produced the ancestor of the ultra-modern umbrella with a window.



"Visibility High." That's What Owners of the New Windowed Umbrella, Now Gaining Popularity in London, Exclaim When They Open the "Chutes"—but Not on FOGGY DAYS.

## When the Poet's Beard Was Lost

**M**OHAMMEDANIS swear "by the Prophet's beard," and Kew O'Brien, the crippled poet of Houston, Texas, swore by his long and curly whiskers until three merry-making citizens tickled him and trimmed off the crop of chin foliage.

It had taken Mr. O'Brien 28 years to grow his beard and it was a distinguishing mark at that, he said, being heard inside the poems he wrote, on the streets of the Texas city. His hair was long, too, and hung down to his shoulders. The roisterers snipped this off along with his whiskers. The drunken brawlers' antics seemed to be under the impression that such words are "un-American." That's what they told their victim when they beat him to the ground and went on.

The poet resented his attackers and threatened to haul them into court for changing his appearance and embarrassing his third class in trade. They asked a bit and promised to pay him a dollar a day until the hair grew out again—and to the same length—as his head and his chin.

This seemed a reasonable offer because the writer of verse did not average this much piling the dimes that he did with a court summons, charging them with assault. He hoped to make the men parading for their high handed tactics and make them suffer plenty for one of the cheap expensive haircuts and shaves ever given in a barber shop or out of it.

If the men hadn't been overbored with liquor the poet might still have his precious beard which took him a couple of decades to raise. But high spirits is no excuse for such goings-on. They'll probably have to pay for the trimming they gave the rimester with cash, or time in jail.

# 32 Different Kinds of Pneumonia Germs

*This Deadly Disease, One of the Three Chief Causes of Death in America, Which Strikes at the Young and Strong as Well as the Old and Weak, and Is One of the Most Complicated of All Medical Puzzles, Now*

*Almost Conquered by New Discoveries of Science*



1—The Following Series of Photographs Reveals the Working of the Modern Serum Treatment for Pneumonia. In the Photograph Above the Doctor Is Taking Specimens of Germs From the Patient's Throat.

THERE are thirty-two kinds of pneumonia that the doctors have counted, and perhaps there are six or eight more. Pneumonia is a germ disease; the different types of pneumonia are caused by different types of pneumonia germs. At first the doctors tried to fight the germs by injecting them into horses or rabbits and obtaining different varieties of serum which were used to kill some of the varieties of pneumonia germs, but there were some types of these microbes which the serum did not seem to reach. Now, at last, the newest triumph in fighting pneumonia is the discovery of chemicals which are harmless to human bodies but deadly to most of the other pneumonia germs which the serum did not destroy.

Pneumonia used to lead all other ailments as the cause of death. It still stands as a deadly enemy number one of the germ afflictions of mankind. In most communities, pneumonia and the influenza, which so often precedes it, cause more deaths than any other disease except heart disease and cancer. Of the three chief causes of death by disease, pneumonia is the only one due to germs, and therefore can be classed as a preventable accident. The other two chief causes, heart disease and cancer, are commonly regarded as merely symptoms of the breakdown of the body which sooner or later is inevitable.

In the beginning only four different types were identified, called Type I, Type II, Type III and Type IV. Since then the original Type IV has been found to consist of a large number of separate types, like each other only because they were not Type I, Type II or Type III. No one knows exactly how many such separate types really exist. There may turn out to be hundreds of them, but doctors who have been experimenting have reached Type XXXII and suspect there are a number more.

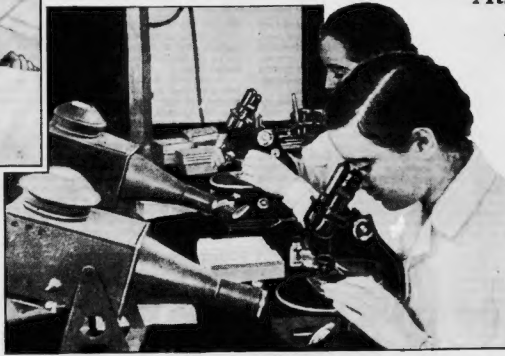
Distinction between the different types of pneumonia include certain different appearances of the germs when grown in laboratory cultures, quite different behaviors of the different types in human bodies and, especially, differences in the way that the different germs react with so-called anti-bodies which they themselves have helped to produce. It is this last set of differences that physicians ordinarily use to find out which type of germ is making the trouble present in any pneumonia case. When the doctor is called on a case of pneumonia, the modern physician's first step is to take a sample of the germs from the patient's mouth or throat. These germs are rubbed to some nearby laboratory and tested with special reagents containing anti-bodies corresponding to the different pneumonia types. From the laboratory's return of suitable anti-body solutions now have been distributed all over the country, to be used in distinguishing which kind of pneumonia germ is present.

Just what happens or exists inside a pneumonia germ to determine which type of germ it will be the bacteriologists do not know. Germs of all of the thirty-two or more types are fundamentally much the same in appearance and apparently in internal constitution.

There evidently must exist important differences in the chemical characteristics of the different germs, so that the exact relations to the invaded body, the relations to serums and anti-bodies, and so on, vary with the different types. All this is nothing especially strange or unusual in bacteriology. Several different varieties are known of the tuberculosis germ, at least two varieties of the diphtheria germ, a large number of varieties of the streptococcus germ that cause certain kinds of blood poisoning and several other disease germs.

The important difference between the various germ types is the peculiar effect in cases of human disease. For example, Type I pneumonia seems especially likely to attack younger individuals. Type III pneumonia, on the other hand, is especially prevalent among elderly people. Type V pneumonia is especially likely to cause accumulation of pus in the lungs or chest. Certain types of pneumonia are especially likely to attack the lower part of the lungs, others are found more frequently in the bronchi, the air tubes connecting with the lungs.

Some of the recognized pneumonia types are very rare, a few of them being known only from an individual case in which a germ of a special variety, chemist



2—These germs are then inspected under the microscope as part of the determination of the Type of Pneumonia the Sick Person Has.



3—Laboratory Workers Then Further Experiment Until They Know Exactly Which of the 32 Kinds of Pneumonia the Patient Has, and Then Select the Proper Serum for That Individual Germ.



4—The Serum, Made From the Blood of a Horse or a Rabbit Into Which Pneumonia Germs Have Been Injected, Is Then Injected Into the Arm of the Patient. Where It Begins Its War on the Pneumonia Germs.



5—Tests of the Rate of the Patient's Breathing and Other Tests to Determine the Sufferer's Resistance Are Then Made by the Nurse and Physician.



6—To Conserve All Her Energies and to Overcome the Difficulty of Breathing, the Patient May Be Placed in an Oxygen Tent Until Past the Crisis of the Disease.

Type III Pneumonia Germs, for Which No Effective Serum Has as Yet Been Discovered, but It Is Hoped the New Chemical Germ-Fighters Will Cure This, the Most Fatal of All the Pneumonias.

prontly. According to Dr. Mellon, laboratory rats infected with Type III pneumonia germs and treated with these dyes showed much larger percentages of recovery than would be expected.

Both of these dyes already are known in the medical profession for success in treating some other kinds of germ infection, especially cases in which dangerous germs invade the blood.

The same dyes have been used successfully in treating germ invasion of the brain and spinal cord. What apparently happens is that the dye produces in the blood a small concentration of some chemical which is harmless to ordinary living tissues but either deadly or repellent to the invading germs. Thus the blood is partly sterilized as though it had been treated with an antiseptic, but in a way which ordinary antiseptics could not duplicate because of the harm which they would do to living cells of the body at the same time it killed the germ.

Just how completely the dyes may serve to control Type III pneumonia and reduce the death rate from this disease still is unknown. The animal experiments reported by Dr. Mellon in his California talks are promising, and will be followed promptly by further tests with human beings.

Meanwhile, a recent announcement by another Pittsburgh physician, Dr. William V. C. MacLachlan, of Mercy Hospital, calls attention to a second drug which may prove to be a pneumonia cure, including the Type III pneumonia which here is the great problem in this disease. Prepared at the Mellon Institute, also in Pittsburgh, by chemical treatment of quinine, this drug seems to have properties like those of protioin and prontosil in being able to kill some kinds of germs without attacking the body cells themselves.

When first prepared in the Mellon Institute laboratory these quinine derivatives were found still to have harmful effects, especially on the eyes of animals used for tests. According to Dr. MacLachlan's recent reports, this possibility of eye damage has been overcome by chemical modification of the drug.

One advantage of such chemical treatment of pneumonia, whether by the protioin dyes or by the quinine compound, may be that advance typing of the pneumonia will not be necessary. Not enough experiments have been carried out as yet to determine just how the different types of pneumonia germs are affected by these drugs. Perhaps one type of germ will turn out to be killed while other types are not affected. But it is more likely that all types of germ will be affected approximately alike, so that any successful chemical powder may be expected to act about equally well against Type I, Type III or germs of any other type.

So the present position of medical science undoubtedly offers more hope for a cure of cases of pneumonia than ever has been true before. The conventional types, Type I and Type II can be controlled, in most instances, by early use of the appropriate serum. If Dr. Mellon's experiments with rats turn out to be duplicated when enough trials have been made with human beings, Type III pneumonia should yield to treatment with chemicals. Of the varieties of pneumonia germs included under the remaining thirty or forty types, many are not particularly dangerous. Others have been attacked successfully by serum.

manufacture the serum used to fight that particular type of the pneumonia germ. Rabbits are used even more successfully.

For Type I pneumonia, germs of this kind are injected and produce the appropriate serum. The same thing happens with Type II pneumonia. These serums then may be used to treat cases of Type I pneumonia or Type II pneumonia in human beings, first making sure what type of germ is present so that the proper serum can be used.

Not every case even of Type I or Type II pneumonia can be controlled or cured by use of the appropriate serum. Also, it usually is necessary to know, before the serum is used, which type of germ is present. Otherwise, the serum is likely to do no good.

For some of the other types of pneumonia, in addition to Type I and Type II, serums have been prepared and serum treatments devised, but not for all. However, the greatest failure of the serum method of attacking the pneumonia problem has been with Type III.

For some unknown reason, the germs of this Type III either do not cause manufacture in the body of a horse or other animal of the necessary germ-fighting chemicals, or else the Type III germs later on are able to resist these chemicals in the body of a human patient. So serum treatment for Type III pneumonia has been an almost complete failure. This is especially unfortunate because the Type III pneumonia is a quite prevalent kind and deadly, especially among elderly people.

So it now is reasonably certain that most of the human cases of Type I pneumonia or Type II pneumonia can be treated successfully by serum.

This leaves the problem of Type III pneumonia as still the most serious item in medical conquest of this disease because no Type III serum has been perfected in useful form. For victims of this variety of the pneumonia germs the chief hope now held out is the development of a suitable germ-killing drug.

A few weeks ago in Pasadena, Dr. Ralph R. Mellon, Director of the Institute of Pathology at the Western Pennsylvania Hospital, of Pittsburgh, held meetings of American bacteriologists about experiments in attacking Type III pneumonia with the new germ-killing dyes called protioin and



# MacKinney Caterpillar Tree Needles

**T**he urge to count has made people do many fantastic things, not the least of which is counting the needles on pine trees. This latest task which science has set them would seem to have curiosity as its only excuse. But it is not just a curious pursuit for passing the time away; its purpose is to find ways to make the lumbering industry more profitable.

Ten trees of all sizes were cut down and weighed recently at the Appalachian Forest Experiment Station located at Asheville, N. C. Then, one by one, the needles were pulled out and added together. It looked as if the dendrologists, as forest scientists call themselves, were trying to break down the legend of the needle in the haystack by heaping up a haystack of needles.

Dr. A. L. MacKinney, the silviculturist or tree expert in charge, used loblobly pines for his experiment; and two trees, each of them 66 years old, were given particular attention. By comparing these two, it was thought, important conclusions might be reached.

The first loblobly pine was found to have more than ten times as many needles as the other. The better-dressed pine also had a thicker trunk, and the distance from its bottom to its top branches was twice as great as the other. Then the tree scientists had to decide a peculiar problem.

Was the tree big because it had many needles, or were there many needles because the tree was big? It was while this answer was sought that the other figures were arrived at, much in the manner that powerful explosives were accidentally found in the search for new coal tar dyes.

The healthier tree, it was found, had a leaf surface of leaf surface, or enough to spread over all the floors of a 25-room mansion. Put end to end, the needles would reach more than 13 miles. The other tree, on the other hand, had a leaf surface of leaf surface, or enough to spread over all the floors of a 25-room mansion. Put end to end, the needles would reach more than 13 miles.

But the tree with the many needles was an ideal one. The shabby one, with its thread-bare covering, was more like the tree usually found in pine country. In a full forest, one would find 150 such shabby trees an acre, and each of them near 150,000 square feet of foliage surface, or nearly four acres of leaf surface to every acre of land.

Anyone who has to rake up a yard in which trees un-



Dr. MacKinney Used Two Loblobly Pines for His Experiment. One 66 Years Old. One Had Ten Times as Many Needles as the Other. The Needles Would Extend 15 Miles.

dress in the fall will not be surprised that the leaf surface of a tree is four times the surface of the land it takes up. What is surprising is to find that a superior tree has 16 times the land surface in the surface of its needles.

It is no more coincidence, however, that the larger tree had four times as much leaf surface, and the needle count of the other stripped trees proved this. Invariably, it was determined, the more sun a tree can get, the more leaves it will have; and the more leaves it gets, the more it grows.

There has been, in the past, a popular fallacy that some pine carry too many needles for their own good. A tree was thought to be something like a woman in this respect, ready to sacrifice health for a dressy appearance. This notion seems to spring from the fact that too much fruit on a tree exhausts it.

But foliage is just the opposite of fruit, instead of draining the tree, it is the source of energy. The leaf on a tree is what "brings home the bacon"; it manufactures, in large part, the food of that tree. The sugars, fats, proteins and similar constituents of a tree's diet are all supplied by the "grocery store," as Dr. MacKinney calls it, which the tree keeps at its finger-tips.

As a result of this discovery for every tree that was stripped, many may be better rooted. This is possible, not by making needle dresses for needy trees, but by setting one and for all the importance of its needles to a pine. Now science can truly say that it has "got the pine tree number," just as it has already determined so many other valuable figures.

There have been other examples recently of getting forest life down to figures, apparently science has been going back to nature in a big way. For example, The American Weekly recently reported on this page that science is now counting the feathers on birds one by one, to determine the effect of mating and the season on bird clothes. The exact number of feathers worn by the various species was obtained under supervision of the Smithsonian Institution, and the figures have been carefully kept for reference purposes at the National Museum. Most birds, was the conclusion of that survey, have fewer than 2,000 feathers.

Probably equal to this feat is another proof, if proof were needed, of the infinite patience of science. In the recent report of the Bureau of Geology of the University of Maryland, to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he said that he counted 257,193 ants in a single colony, and on this basis he estimated that the ant population per acre of woodland is 1,200,000.

These feats of arithmetic make it clear that in the background of important scientific thought there are hundreds whose work goes unpraised and whose only record is in numbers. Yet in their way, these counters of nature's facts are essential to the progress of science, the most inspired theory is discarded unless it checks with the work of these patient lesser lights. For every stride in thought, there are thousands of calculations necessary first. To describe these unglorified but painstaking "clerks of science," one might paraphrase Milton's line and say, "they also serve who only sit and count." With science, everything counts, even the needles on pine trees.

# Love Lotteries Laissez-les Doomed Police

**T**he average form of lottery causes pleasant excitement because one may win a valuable prize. But a new form of lottery has been uncovered, in which the desirable premium was a love companion for a month. An international nudist organization, said to have made huge profits out of the ingenious idea, has been cited for an investigation by the police of France, Germany and Belgium.

Many arrests have been made, but the authorities refuse to give out the names of those involved. It is said, however, that eight prominent men and women were implicated, including one of the foremost feminine nudist celebrities in England.

Men and women from numerous countries were attracted to the alleged society, which ran camps in Normandy, the Ardennes, and the Black Forest, and which had registration offices in every European city. Even women from the United States, in search of thrills, are reported to have taken part in the pagan forest revels.

Not merely did the men and women disrobe themselves and dwell under nature's generous laws in the wilderness, but they also took part in the rituals of the association, they first had to be paired off by lottery. Once at the camp, the men and women were divided into two sides and the women to the women to the men.

Each woman was assigned a number, and when a male patron drew it from an urn, the Mistress of Ceremonies paired off the Couple for an Entire Month.

Then one by one the men stepped forward, lifted a card out of the urn, and handed it to the attendant, an attractive nude woman. This mistress of ceremonies would then call out the name on the card, and its owner would step forward. Thus the men and women, introduced before the urn had to pass the entire season together. The "season" lasted a month, and in that time neither could break off the affair and go home.

Already deprived of their clothes, the strangers would stand there, nude and curious, just like Adam and Eve. But it would already be a new couple's turn to look each other over, and so this pair would quietly retire into the forest. One by one, with rapidly beating hearts, the rest of the women would step forward, perfect strangers to the nude men who were to be their charge of them.

Then would follow a short-term marriage, no longer than a honeymoon, but without benefit of clergy. When vacation time was up, everybody went home without being tied down to obligations. Their temporary "nude mates" were gone forever, even should some decide to return to the camps in the following year, it was one of the fixed rules of the organization that nobody could mate with the same person for more than one season.

This effort to live like the birds and beasts perhaps sounds exciting. In fact, one of the colonies at Ardennes, was situated in the very forest of Arden that is the setting of Shakespeare's comedy of love, "As You Like It." But unlike the play, the nudist "comedy" has had some startling consequences.

For this reason the law is stepping in, not like a Wreath-Torn anxious to break up people's fun, but like a Wrathful avenger upon those who exploit the human yearning for love. Eden for just a month without clothes and all the consequences.

"Nude mates" were among the first to demand an end to the nudist life, because of bad reputation was undermining their own "back to nature" movement. Its insidious circulars, secretly written through the cities, portrayed a picture of the nudist life as a "wild night in the woods, good food, and a month's stay with a handsome love-mate were guaranteed for only \$250. This would cover the whole cost, the leaflets pointed out, because no clothes would be needed, and fashionable clothes are generally the big item on vacations if one is looking for romance.

Those who took advantage of the offer and visited the agents were brought to the camps, but were blindfolded on the way.

Residents came out onto the street, awakened by the noise and eager to see what was going on. Mr. Fred kept his eyes on the street, and saw that the nudist colony was broken into heavy oil-dripping and carrying hatbands and axes broke into a smoke-filled room. They shouted orders and tried to get out of the room. They were then trapped and they broke into Mr. Fred's room and there they discovered the fire.

At the time the sleeper awoke, poured forth from a burning mattress. Flames licked around the corners and down the stairs to the open air and safety. The fire was extinguished and they prepared to leave. Then Mr. Fred awoke. Surprised at finding himself, pajamas-attired, out of bed, he threw off the blanket in which he was wrapped and demanded to know what all the excitement was about. He was told but instead of being grateful he seemed to be a little put out about the whole affair.

Mr. Fred still lives at the same address. He has a new mattress and, it is reported, he carefully examines it each night, or rather morning, before retiring. But he still sleeps on.

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the last lap of the journey, so that they could not return another season without again paying the fee. This precaution also is supposed to have been used to keep the police off the trail, for the law has long been aware of the nudist ring.

Repeating, leaflets were brought in, always bearing new addresses, but each police raid showed that the clever ring-leaders were "by night" were kept changing their quarters as soon as they had a new customer. The leaflets, it is supposed, were brought to the police after the recipients had gone to the address and found nobody there. Feeling frustrated and cheated out of a chance at happiness, these righteously marched off to tell the police.

But what sounded so ideal in the leaflets was actually an infamous racket. Not only did the association make money by giving people a chance to gratify their whims without embarrassment, but, it is now alleged, girls were often induced to join without knowing that they would be obliged to accept men who won them in the lottery.

Moreover, some of the girls are said to have been under age, and others did not understand the implications of the circular, which had the important words severely printed in a foreign language.

The explanation of the lottery, vague and mysterious, was printed in French. Some of the girls argued that "nude mates" was a new thing, and they thought it was just a reprint of what the cynical association managers is reported to have said before in English.

The "raffling" part of it was anything but fun, because some of the men were little more than moneyed ruffians who found it a profitable way to spend their vacations. Then, too, there were bewitched foreigners, some unable to speak a word that could be understood by their companions. Apparently there was no way to get out of the obligation because each girl had to sign an agreement before she was allowed to enter the ring. If she failed later, exposure was threatened.

No member was allowed to let his or her affections wander for a moment, and give up one's mate to another without his or her "fidelity" was even more strict than is observed by law over married couples outside the wilderness. Another feature of the colonies was that one did not have to be single to join.

Provided that one would abide by the lottery like everybody else, and give up one's mate to another without being a married couple could get in on the group. It is said that many couples jumped at this offer. "After all," one of the cynical association managers is reported to have said, "Eskimos are respectable people, and they go in for wife-trading too."

The police, cleverly apportioned the nudist colonies as the result of a long and carefully thought-out campaign. Private airplanes were used to pass over the forest regions, and police photographers took attitude pictures of clearings wherever nudists were visible. Others with maps carefully marked the location of each colony, so that the police were then able to investigate and shut out the trade.

The aviators were instructed to come quite low whenever a colony was spotted, and as a result, the nudist colonies were taken. These photographs are to be used to forestall any denial that the camps existed, and are expected to be material in the conviction of the ring-leaders. So successfully was the plan executed that there is said to be some possibility that the governments concerned will consider the nudist life as a threat to the forests and prevent any further ventures of this kind.

Thirteen is said to be an unlucky number and it was this number that brought the love lottery into trouble. Two English girls on behalf of whom the complaints against the society are said to have been made, were forced to take part in the lottery. Yet one of the girls is a minor, only 13 years old, and the other is but a few months older.

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# Postman Rang Only Once and House Burned

**I**N VIENNA, unlike the American letter carrier, the postman doesn't ring twice. And one was plenty when the mailman pressed the button of the doorbell at Seidman's house No. 27, in the Austrian capital. He had a letter for Anna Schell, 30, who occupied one of several flats in the building.

If the mailman had suspected that Anna at that moment lay dead in the kitchen, he might not have rung the bell, instead, most likely, he would have gone for the police. But he didn't know it, so his finger vigorously rang down on the button.

Just at that moment, in an adjoining flat occupied by wealthy old Wilhelm Kautz, two burglars were about to swing back the door of his wall safe in which they expected to find securities, cash and jewels.

But when the postman rang the Schell bell next door, he drove all the crooked ideas from the heads of the burglars. Less than a second after the bell tinkled faintly in the dead woman's room, everyone else in the house got the shock and staggered, thunderous bedlam followed, and even those down on the first floor could hear the walls upstairs collapsing. In a few minutes, as they thronged the plaster-strewn corridors, they smelled smoke. In five minutes they were choking from it. The two burglars had been flung to the floor of their victim's quarters and were still motionless there ten minutes later when police found them, staring around stupidly and making no effort to orient themselves.

The explosion in the Schell flat blew off the door before which the postman had been standing. The debris knocked him unconscious. Flames came rushing out into the hallway, and scores of occupants of the house were shrieking. Somebody called the police and ambulances, and policemen, firemen and passing pedestrians thronged into the house. The mailman was carried away to the hospital with the two burglars who had been literally knocked aside. Five brigade members found the body of Mrs. Schell and it was believed at first that the explosion had taken place in her room and her dog, whose body lay beside that of his mistress, under a pile of wrecked furniture.

But when the coroner arrived and examined Anna's

body, he discovered that she had been dead more than an hour, and that death was caused by the voluntary inhalation of gas fumes from the kitchen range, the burners of which were still open and emitting gas.

The woman had committed suicide. There was no doubt of it, while the firemen cleared away the wreckage and found under a broken chair, a note that evidently had been pinned to the wall. It was signed by the suicide, and told why she had taken her own life. She had been frustrated in a romance—jilted by the man she had expected to marry her.

The note was addressed to Kurt Michaelis. Other occupants of the house knew him. They said he had married Anna for several years. The woman's note to the man stated: "I do not hate you for giving me up for another woman. I still love you, but I am deeply hurt to know that you plan to marry her. Often when we talked, and even when I knew you were going out with her, I still believed that eventually you would marry me. Then I heard of your engagement to her and life has become unbearable. I cannot go on living. I have nothing to live for."

The body was taken to the morgue. The mailman's injuries, including a fractured skull, were treated. The two burglars, who were at first suspected of having caused the explosion with nitro-glycerine, were put into jail. But when they were questioned they proved to be entirely ignorant of explosive chemistry. In fact, they were just a couple of sneak thieves, who had found out the combination of their victim's safe by picking his pocket the day before.

The big puzzle then was what had caused the explosion. Whatever had provided a spark, the fire had touched off the accumulated gas in the dead woman's room, and this, being exploded, had wrecked the place, including the living room and bedroom walls. The gas had leaked into the living room and bedroom walls. The gas had leaked into the living room and bedroom walls. The gas had leaked into the living room and bedroom walls.

Police inspectors called in their experts and they went over the Schell room carefully. At last, it dawned on them that the explosion had followed immediately the ringing of the electric bell by the postman. Then some one of them began tracing the electric wires from the bell button to the bell, which was located near the ceiling of the living room.

Suddenly that man gave a shout and said: "The mystery is solved!"

It was the magnet coil on the bell mechanism had been worn, and the insulation on one of the five wires had cracked off. It was nearly lazier to begin with. So when an electric current was set up, the wire touched off the postman's act of pressing the button, the two bare wires became incandescent and became so hot immediately that the gas that had been released into the room by the automatic apparatus began in the midst of the gas, the result could be only one thing—a terrific blast.

The postman said to newspaper men: "I never knew all this could happen from so ordinary an act. Now I've probably thousands of bells every week. I'm glad the postman doesn't have to ring twice in Austria."

Residents came out onto the street, awakened by the noise and eager to see what was going on. Mr. Fred kept his eyes on the street, and saw that the nudist colony was broken into heavy oil-dripping and carrying hatbands and axes broke into a smoke-filled room. They shouted orders and tried to get out of the room. They were then trapped and they broke into Mr. Fred's room and there they discovered the fire.

At the time the sleeper awoke, poured forth from a burning mattress. Flames licked around the corners and down the stairs to the open air and safety. The fire was extinguished and they prepared to leave. Then Mr. Fred awoke. Surprised at finding himself, pajamas-attired, out of bed, he threw off the blanket in which he was wrapped and demanded to know what all the excitement was about. He was told but instead of being grateful he seemed to be a little put out about the whole affair.

Mr. Fred still lives at the same address. He has a new mattress and, it is reported, he carefully examines it each night, or rather morning, before retiring. But he still sleeps on.

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# Movie Thriller Heroine Now Preaches Evils of Drugs

**Juanita Hansen, Former Film Favorite  
Whose Career Was Ruined by  
Drugs, Breaks Herself of  
the Habit and  
Starts a Crusade  
Against Them**

Juanita Hansen at the height of her career.

JUANITA HANSEN, blonde Viking beauty of the silent film days who dared death scenes of times in the old "thrillers," and finally lost her wealth and fame because of dope, is back in the drug-evil picture once again, but this time, instead of as an addict, or as a patient in a sanitarium, she has become a crusader seeking to teach the truth of the evils of drugs, and eventually to open up a sanitarium of her own where other unfortunates can be cured as she says she has been.

Juanita still is an attractive woman despite a life probably as strenuous as any woman in America has led. She became a dope addict when she first entered silent films, a seventeen-year-old girl. In 1920 she spent \$2,500 in one sanitarium in an effort to be cured, but three days after her release she began taking dope again. A year later she again tried a cure, but that failed, too. Two years after that another "cure" failed, but in the following year she was more successful, and it was not until 1925 after she had been terribly burned by scalding water in her shower at a New York hotel and had been given morphine to ease the pain, that she became an addict once more. In 1934 she took her final cure in Oakland, California, and has not touched drugs since, she says.

Last December the unfortunate woman was stopped on the street and arrested, as a known former drug addict. Federal officers found a hypodermic syringe and a small quantity of narcotics in her purse and arrested her. But Juanita says she was not taking drugs, and that the syringe and the dope had been given to her by a friend whom she was aiding to break the habit. This seems a highly unlikely story, but in court she proved it was true and she was set free.

Now Juanita has started on a lecture tour across the country, explaining to drug addicts that they can be cured and cured almost painlessly. Her talks to educate young people concerning drugs are so well received that they are being given in many cities. She is now on her way to Los Angeles to give a lecture at the original Mack Bennett bathing-girl, she gained immediate popularity, and it is an odd thing that bathing, which first made her famous, came so near taking her life a few years later.

In 1919, however, she tired of bathing-girl parts, and when Pearl White, who

had been the thriller queen of the movies of the old days, retired from pictures, the daring Juanita persuaded the producers to let her try out for the part. In those days the star was expected to take any risk that came along in the picture; there were no professional stunt performers to "double" for the movie stars.

One of Juanita's first serial pictures called for her to make a jump from one speeding locomotive to another, and even the directors of the picture were afraid it would be too dangerous. But Juanita convinced them she could do it. She had faith in herself because she comes of Viking ancestors who gave her more than her blond hair. Her tow-headed forebears were a bold and hardy lot and they were in the habit of raiding the more civilized coasts of Europe, knocking the heads off such men as opposed them.

These ancestors were tall and husky men, and able to whip many times their weight in ordinary soldiers. They had perfect coordination of eye, mind and muscle, which made for success in their bold recklessness and some have been employed by Juanita in performing her stunts. She knew exactly what she could do, and she had no shaky nerves to make her falter.

The film directors at last consented and two locomotives were rented. Juanita rehearsed the act until, to use her own words, the stunt was "safer than a wedding." Perched on one engine as the other passed it slowly, she made the leap for the first time. It was a leap any nervous person might have duplicated, but it was not fast enough to look thrilling in the films. So the stunt was tried again, a bit faster. Then again, still faster, until she was satisfied that she had reached the peak of possible performance. Each time the engines roared along, spectators held their breaths, but Miss Hansen just watched the other mass of moving metal to which she was to leap, waited until the exact moment, and then jumped.

Then, for the first time, and with the cameras grinding out the record, the two engines came together, the engineers' eyes glued to their speed gauges to make sure the driving-wheels were revolving at exactly the same rate as the last practice run. The

Juanita as a girl of 17, just after she entered the Movies and Just Before She Began to Take Narcotics.



A Scene from "The Lost City," an Old Time Thriller in Which Miss Hansen Starred.



Miss Hansen Earnestly Preaching the Curse of Narcotic Drugs.

1919, and Juanita really got her \$65,000.

But it was her success that eventually ruined her. She was in constant demand for pictures and was working night and day. She got to a point where she was so tired she couldn't get to sleep. Then, at a party one night, with other film notables, she saw one actor take out a little packet of white powder, dip a pen-knife blade into the bit of powder it contained, carry the small dosage to his nose, and inhale the dust. She asked what it was and there was a general laugh.

"Let's initiate Juanita," some one suggested. So the "bundle," as a small package of cocaine is called, was again produced and Juanita snuffed up a small pinch of it. It made her feel rested almost immediately. For the first time in weeks her worn nerves seemed rested, and her whole body relaxed. Yet she didn't feel tired; her mind felt calm, but clear.

Cocaine, she decided, was just the thing she needed. For some time the drug failed to do her much harm and the girl, still not aware of the danger

she was in, had no idea that she was paving her own path to ruin.

But one morning when she awoke she found she was out of cocaine. Even then it didn't bother her much and she decided not to take the trouble to go down-town to the place she usually bought the drug, and instead, went to the studios. It wasn't until a couple of hours later that she realized something was wrong with her. Her head ached, her nerves were so jumpy she could have screamed, and her stomach writhed with pains like those sometimes caused by intense hunger. Then she became nauseated. A friend who noticed how wretched she looked, and who knew she was a cocaine addict, called her to one side.

"What you need is a shot," he said, and producing his own bottle, gave the distracted star some of the drug. At once she felt better and in a few minutes she felt as fit as she ever had felt, Juanita said. But the experience frightened the girl, and she went to a doctor to see what she ought to do.

The drug habit was prevalent in the movie colony at that time. Wallace Reid, another star of that period, died of dope. Many others lived on it. The doctor decided that it would be better for Juanita if she was out of that environment for a time and suggested this to her. Broadway producers had made several attractive offers to Miss Hansen, so she decided to go East and try a stage part.

She did well until, having continued the use of drugs despite the change of scene and the doctor's advice, she collapsed one day. She made the rounds of sanitariums, but three days after her release from the last of these she was taking drugs again. Juanita realized she would have to do something and decided to give herself the "cold turkey" cure, which simply means stopping altogether. But that is not as simple as it sounds. The shock of suddenly being cut off from drugs may kill an addict. However, Juanita stuck it out and managed to cure herself so well that she soon was back on the stage.

Vaudeville was at its peak about this time, and Juanita after her Broadway contract ran out, traveled all over the country in a vaudeville act. In 1925 she was to have rehearsed for the opening of a legitimate theatre production called "Ego," and she returned to New York to take the part.

It was then that the girl who had so often dared death in fantastic movie acts came so near being killed in her real life. Miss Hansen had taken her return home from a conference with the producer of the play, and, as it was a warm day she decided to take a cold shower. She stepped into the hotel bathroom and turned the handle to the point marked cold. But instead of a refreshing stream of cold water, a scalding blast of steam and boiling

water cascaded from the pipe and swept across her body. For the first time in her life, Juanita Hansen screamed and fainted.

The scalding water continued to burn her left side and back as she lay unconscious in the water, and if it had not been for her companion, Miss Beatrice Bates, happened to enter the bathroom she would have been boiled alive. Juanita was rushed to a hospital where doctors said she didn't have a chance. Medical students at that time were taught that if more than one-third of the skin area of the body is burned, the patient is almost certain to die. More than one-half of Miss Hansen's body had been burned.

When Juanita regained consciousness she refused to allow them to give her a narcotic. She knew how easy it would be for her to slip back into the drug habit. For several days she held out, refusing all narcotics, and astonishing the doctors by her firm grasp on life despite her distressing injuries.

Finally, however, the pain was too much for even her strong will, and Juanita asked for "a shot." She got it, and she got more every day for weeks and months until she was well. By this time she was a confirmed drug addict again.

Miss Hansen brought suit against the hotel, asserting that it was their fault she was burned. One entire side of her body was a big scar and she had little use of one arm. Fortunately her face had escaped, but even so, it seemed that Juanita Hansen's stage career was over. A jury awarded the former screen star \$115,000 and she spent all but \$25,000 of this on plastic surgery and lawyer's fees. The remaining \$25,000, or more of it, went for booting drugs. By this time Juanita not only took cocaine, but also was a morphine and heroin addict.

This last blow would have discouraged most women. But Juanita struggled along, practically broke, unable to get any sort of a part either on the stage or in the movies, and a confirmed drug addict. Then, three years ago, she found a sanitarium in Oakland, and again sought to be cured. She went there only by the merest of great will power, because she had taken cures before and knew the agony of the "cutting down" program that most sanitariums prescribe.

But, to her astonishment, she says, the doctors injected something into her veins which caused her to lose her craving for drugs in a short time, and without the usual tortures that accompany such a process.

Juanita says she has not had any craving for drugs since this last cure, and if her crusade is successful she will use any funds gained to open a new center for drugs in a short time, and without the usual tortures that accompany such a process.

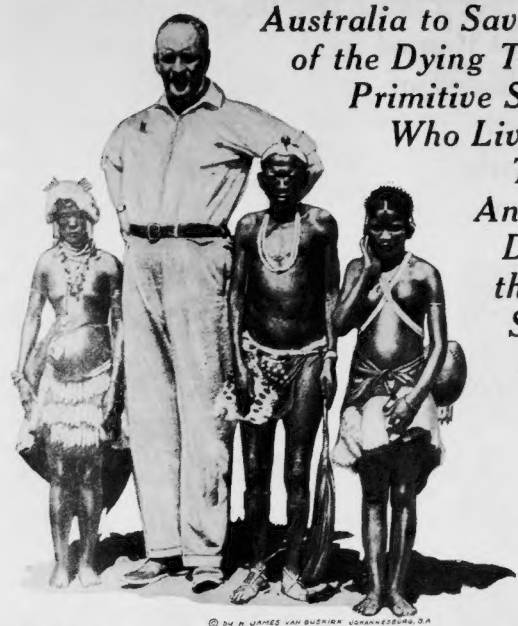
**She Risked Death Many Times in Dared-Death Movie Stunts, Without Injury, But Miss Hansen Was Nearly Scalded to Death by a Faulty Shower in a New York Hotel and Recovered More Than \$100,000 As Damages.**



# To Protect Lives Like Animals in Game Preserves

## Human Zoos to Be Set Up in Africa and Australia to Save the Last of the Dying Tribes of Primitive Savages

### Who Live as Their Ancestors Did in the Old Stone Age



Dr. Bates With "Father Abraham," Chief of the Kalbarri Pygmies at His Left, and Two Pygmy Women; Dr. Bates Is Five Feet Ten Inches Tall.

**B**OTH South Africa and Australia are going to open up new kinds of zoos which will hold not animals, but men. But the reasons for this are purely scientific. The inmates will be the very lowest type of human beings ever known to science, people who eat vegetables and eggs of white ants, who run in a stooping posture like the baboon, who kill half their infants at birth, who have no chieftain among them and who outrun the antelope which they chase until it is exhausted.

To protect jungle beasts from complete extinction by the white man's rifle, African and Australian governments have long set aside special game preserves in which animal-hunting is forbidden. Now for the first time the same is to be done by each of these countries for those primitive and animal-like tribes which are dying out with the passing of civilized ways beyond their ability to understand.

Donald Gordon Bain, a hunter and explorer, has with the help of a group of scientists brought 70 such wild people out of the great Kalbarri Desert. For show the sets in Southern Africa, to be shown in Johannesburg at the British Empire Exhibition. This is the first time that a large group of these dark-skinned Bushmen has ever been collected in one spot, for they live in groups of five or three families and are difficult to find at all, especially when only a couple of hundred of them are left alive.

Through the loss for admission, that they are to be charged at the exhibition, the pygmies will be placed on a reservation and for the first time get regular and full measures of food and water. It is the first time because their lives have been spent in roving the bush-covered desert, "the Land of the Big Thirst," where water is ever rarer than water. Yet food is the only important item of their diet, for they do not understand farming, and the desert is too dry for wild edible vegetation.

The way Mr. Bain was able to gather together the savage little folk, who are the size of 11-year-old children, and weigh about 80 pounds, was by camping on the desert until the wind sprang that he had a proposition to put to them. The first to come out of the bushes to talk it over with the explorers was a wrinkled old Bushman, whom the explorers have named "Old Abraham," because of his age and wisdom.

Mr. Bain, who speaks their language, has befriended the Bushmen for a quarter of a century. When he explained to Old Abraham that any of the pygmies who wanted to, could come to the white man's camp and stay as long as they liked. As much food and water would be given them as they wanted, and all they had to do in return was to sing their songs and explain their beliefs, so that professors could write it all up. When Mr. Abraham's confidence was won, he let Mr. Bain to small camps, hidden in the desert.

The whole proposition seemed to be

a little senseless to the Bushmen, but it was worth trying, and so by patience and diplomacy, the camp grew bigger week after week. Songs were written down, measurements were taken, and even masks were made of their faces. When the time came, it was easy enough to get the Bushmen to follow the free meek to the "big city" of Johannesburg, even though it meant being stared at by many curious visitors to the jubilee celebration of the gold mines.

For many years science thought that the wretched Australian Bushmen were most animal-like of all human beings. But the Australian "black fellows" have strong traditional customs, religions and governments. The Bushmen in South Africa have none of this, and, indeed, are so like their desert companions, the baboons and the antelope, that other natives shoot them on sight, the way one would kill a mad dog.

The African Bushmen are like animals, not only because they are ignorant but because they are not able to work for a group purpose. They have no social organization at all, but wander around in little groups, each pygmy being the law to himself, and none having any particular authority. But the greatest claim they have to the animal kingdom is their incomplete adaptation to the upright posture. This means that they find it hard to stand up straight, for the spinal column and the foot are almost exactly like the skeleton of the Neanderthal race, one of the earliest known forms of man, living 25,000 to 50,000 years ago. In other words, the Kalbarri Desert people are left-overs from the stone age, the dawn of civilization.

As a result, all of the Bushmen's actions are done in a crouching posture, no matter whether he is dancing, shooting his little 12-inch bow, or playing games. He stands like a football player about to tackle, and his body is bent accordingly. Science believes this to be the reason for the striking pygmy condition known as stoopage, or the sticking out of the buttocks. These enormous warts, chiefly noticeable among the pygmies women, inspired a queer theory that the extra fat thus carried gave nourishment in days of famine. The idea, that women were able to live entirely without food for a month, on the same principle as that of the camel's hump, is now not accepted by scientists.

Whatever the cause may be, the women would not be interested in learning how this part of their bodies can be reduced by massage or any other way, for they consider it a mark of beauty. When the women at Mr. Bain's camp realized that the measurements that were being taken that the scientists were interested in this queer feature of their bodies, they came forward slapping themselves proudly to emphasize their charms, and comparing their run faster than gazelles with those of their sisters less blessed



The Quiver and Arrows of the Kalbarri Bushmen, Actual Size—Like a Child's Toy, but Each Tipped With Deadly Poison.

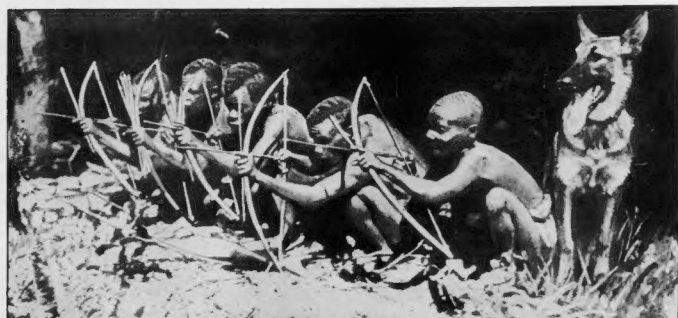
with nature's upholstery.

Like the animals, the Bushmen is said to have a mating season. This occurs after the season of plentiful game. When the game migrates, the Bushmen's half-dried body begins to shrivel and he loses all sex impulse. The result is that the babies are born when there is the most game, in the following year, so that the mothers are best able to nurse the infants. The regular food is so difficult to digest that children are kept at the breast for a long time before being allowed to take the normal diet of sorghum, raw frogs, ants and later eggs, insects, locusts and chunks of antelope meat. If a child is born before the last one is able to take care of itself, the new one is killed. If a mother dies in childbirth, the living child is also buried. Only by ruthlessly limiting their number to fit within their bare subsistence are the pygmies able to keep alive at all. Therefore 50 percent of the newborn babies are killed.

Although these people walk like baboons, they run faster than gazelles.



An Australian Bushman Decorated for a "Totem Ceremony." The Queer Little White Lumps on His Face and Body Are Made of Clay and the Down of Birds. These Fast Disappearing Aborigines Are to Be Preserved Like Animals and Encouraged to Carry on Their Quiver and Interesting Customs.



Pygmies of the Hurt Forest Waiting for Game to Approach. These Are Even Smaller Than the Kalbarri Bushmen, and an Ordinary Police Dog Like That Introduced at the Right Would Appear to Them as Big as a Bear to Normal Sized Hunters.

their paunches wrinkle and sink.

With their tiny bows they shoot arrows dipped in poison made out of caterpillars and snakes' venom. This paralyzes the heart muscles of the game but does not harm the meat. In fact, the effect even on the heart is as slight that sometimes the pygmies must follow the beast for days, never stopping a moment, until at last the animal drops to rest out of sheer exhaustion. Never do the Bushmen give up this relentless chase once it is started, unless death makes them. The wives, their babies hung in baboon skins across their backs, trail their menfolk until the chase is over. Then all the pygmies close in and make quick work of the animal; it is torn to pieces and eaten raw on the spot.

After a feast, tired as they are from the chase, the Bushmen will dance throughout the night, especially if there is a full moon. The women paint their bodies and faces with antelope blood, traced in the pattern of a harlequin's polka. The men put jackal's tails in their hair and rattles around their ankles.

Hands are clasped to keep time for these dances, and a few weird notes are chanted over and over, sometimes a rough kind of music is made by plucking a single gut-string which is held taut from a peg in the ground or else strung on a bow. Then, a few days later, the hunt starts all over again.

For these people, life is a gamble, but it is also that in a very literal sense. If anything can be called the religion of the Bushmen, it is the Fighting Bones, a kind of dice except that the throw determines their entire lives. Generally there are four bones in a set, although as many as thirteen are possible. Olong or triangle in shape, with an indentation at one end, they are thrown and read according to how they fall on each in a game. A Bushman will get up in the middle of night to consult the bones as to whether there is any danger from marauding animals. If the answer says he has nothing to

fear, he will go to sleep peacefully, even if he has tonight his own instincts stand in everything to them, and is at the bottom of everything they do. The sides of their feet are like rice from eternal wandering across the burning sands, and sand gets into their hair and eyes. The sand acts as a stinging powder, makes the creature chafe and bathes them for them, all at the same time. They live in rude huts made of sticks covered with hay, but inside all these wrinkled people have to lie in dig down to find live coals smoldering there, and this is their fireplace, although no stranger would have known anything under the sand.

Since water is so scarce, the Bushmen preserves it for drinking purposes in ostrich eggs whose contents have been swallowed even if rotten. When the sun's heat is too much to stand they sleep under the sand with only the head exposed, and then the sand becomes a blanket. Their language is based on five clicks of the tongue, and these are usually enough to give expression to their limited thoughts, and they know how to count on their toes.

The little people were driven into the desert after centuries of hostile invasion by first the Hottentots, then the Negroes, and now the Europeans. Once they lived in the rich and fertile lands of Lake Tanganyika.

Even the government has treated them as less than beasts. Part of their unhappy plight has been a game preserve for animals placed in the Bushmen's last retreat. Every time they killed an animal to keep alive, they were hauled down for a crime they could not understand.

Even smaller than the Kalbarri pygmies are the pygmies of the Hurt Forest, in the Northern Congo, Africa. They are probably the smallest people on earth, their average height being less than 3 feet. Every time they also risk of placing some of these little people in human zoos.



The Face of Little Old "Father Abraham," Not Much More Human Than a Monkey's, Whose Intelligence He Hardly Exceeds.



# Too Quick for Human Eyes

## Curious Revelations by Stop-Motion Photographs of the Convulsions of a Falling Drop of Milk and Humming-Birds' Invisible Wings Seen for the First Time

(Photographs by Edgerton, Germeshausen and Greer, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Copyright 1927.)

1—The Force of Gravity Beginning to Overcome Those of Molecular Attraction and Surface Tension.

ONE of the most astonishing things brought out by the ultra-high-speed camera is the behavior of humming-birds. When these little creatures are hovering around a flower, all the eye can see of their wings is what looks like a sort of half-visible vapor. The camera, however, with its exposures of one-one-hundred-thousandth of a second, shows the wings as if they were motionless and counts their rate, which is almost exactly sixty beats to the second.

The only thing a human being can do that is any way comparable with such quickness is the winking of the eye. The open eyelid can close in one-fourth of a second. When a man winks at a girl or the girl winks back, the voluntary wink is hardly half that fast. The forty-fifth-of-a-second kind is involuntary, done by instinct, when something threatens to injure the eye.

Even the involuntary wink is no real comparison, because it takes that time merely to close the shutter of the eye, equivalent to the downstroke of the wing. To open the eye is a slower performance. Yet the humming-bird makes a full downstroke and returns in a sixtieth of a second. Furthermore, slow as it is, the eyelid cannot keep on winking at that rate, but is doing well if it can get in as many as four winks to a second.

To get an idea of the humming-bird's performance, one must realize that the bird repeats this up and down stroke—though in hovering it is a back and forth stroke—sixty times to the second, as long as there is any reason for it. This seemingly terrific exertion is really no effort at all, as the birds proved beyond any doubt at the home of Mrs. Laurence J. Webster, in Holderness, New Hampshire.

There Professor Harold E. Edgerton, Kenneth J. Germeshausen and Herbert E. Greer, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where the ultra-speed camera was developed, brought their invention. Mrs. Webster, founder of the New Hampshire Nature Camp, has tamed the timid little hummers until they perch on her shoulders, waiting their turn to take food from her lips.

In a picture on this page are seen four female ruby-throated humming-birds, hovering around a vial of sweetened water, which seems to taste about as good as the nectar in the flowers and is served in more convenient form. Mrs. Webster had the vial made with a trough around the bottom to make it easy for the tiny visitors to get at the fluid, and also providing them with a nice, comfortable perch on which to rest, a feature which the fragile flowers do not offer. But, to the surprise of herself and the scientific photogra-

THE behavior of an inanimate object in motion is sometimes quite as unexpected and interesting as that of a bird in flight. To the eye, hardly anything could be much more simple than the action of a drop of milk falling from an ordinary eye-dropper. A little globe of white forms on the end of the dropper until its weight causes it to detach itself. Then, as a perfectly round globe of milk it proceeds with steadily increasing velocity until it splashes on the floor.

The evidence of the ultra-high-speed camera testifies that the eye has missed about 90% of the story, including the interesting part. The camera records the history of a struggle between two great forces of Nature, molecular attraction and gravity. The scene opens with the first appearance of the milk creeping out of the mouth of the dropper. It

is peaceful, in undisputed domination of the attraction of its molecules for each other and for the molecules of the glass, a little united world, on a small scale, perhaps much as the sun was before it gave birth to its planets.

As the drop grows in size and weight, the foreign influence of the earth's gravity-pull begins to make itself felt, starting a struggle partly striving to succeed and break away. It is resisted, and the ebb and flow of the tiny war appears in the form of vibrations of shape, as it alternately tends to drop into the shape of a pear and then spring back toward the curve it had at first. Fiercer and fiercer the struggle within the drop grows as its size increases until finally the drop is seen ready to go but still frantically detained by a thin string of liquid that strives to the last to hold the rest back to the glass.

At last comes the decisive moment. This thread of milk, called the stringer, can hold no longer and breaks. The main drop starts on its irrevocable plunge toward the earth but there remains an instant, perhaps even less than one-thousandth of a second when the stringer molecules still have to make their choice.

Some of these cast in their lot with the succeeding drop, others snap back to the dropper, but still others form a small, independent third party in the shape of a stringer droplet which has no choice but to follow in the wake of the big drop. It is so small that the eye does not know it exists. The shock of its violent breaking away causes convulsive agitation in the big drop but not nearly so much as in the droplet which, with lightning speed, contorts itself from one shape to another. These convulsions in both drops, however,

have quieted down by the time they have fallen between six and eight feet. Then for a brief instant, both drop and droplet become what the eye sees them, almost perfectly-spherical globes of white. Then a third force supervenes. The resistance of the air begins to alter the shape, especially of the big leading drop which acts as pace-maker and wind-splitter for the pursuing droplet. Both become flattened in the front and rounded behind, in accordance with a sort of reversed streamline pattern. This has happened by the time the drops have fallen twelve feet.

If the drop lands on the floor or other solid substance, it flies to pieces in what even the eye recognizes as quite a little explosion. Molecular attraction and surface tension have received another and far more violent shock. The camera records the correctness of this in pictures that strongly suggest photographs of shells exploding on a battlefield.

The scattered molecules of water in the drop of split milk are warmed by the sun, picked up by the air and taken into the sky where molecular attraction busily collects them and others around some little particle of dust as a core. Heavier and heavier grows the drop until once more gravity wins and pulls it down.

When a rain-drop falls into the ocean, it is a happening that has been used as a poetic simile of nothing happening at all. According to the ideas of the ultra-speed camera, this idea is all wrong. A rain-drop falling into the ocean is not like a lone person quietly joining an immense crowd of his fellow men. It is more like a man joining a crowd by jumping down into it from the top of a skyscraper.

As the little watery bullet enters the bottom bosom of the ocean, it shatters the surface tension at that point and the event is celebrated in a manner that might well make any little rain-drop proud.

Up rises a beautiful little imitation of a royal crown, in shape very much like that worn by the little Princess Elizabeth at the recent British coronation. At each of the dozen or more points of the crown glitters what looks like a lovely jewel. It is made of water and only lasts about a second, after which the jewels scatter and the whole thing collapses without leaving a trace. But it is quite a little celebration for the home-coming of just one little rain-drop.

A golf ball, hit by a club, travels much farther than it would if made of some inelastic material. But, if an elastic substance and an inelastic one of the same size, weight and shape are hit with the same power, what does one of them do to launch itself from the face of the club with more velocity? The speed camera tells the story.

As the club meets the motionless golf ball, the seemingly stiff, rigid, vulcanized rubber allows itself first to be distorted all out of shape, as if it were made of some soft, flabby substance. Having permitted itself to be sprung out of shape, it rides the club for a foot or so, still in that distorted condition, then violently throws itself back into its proper, spherical form.

In so doing it has to push itself away from the thing that had assaulted it, thus giving itself an extra push on its way. Among other things, it revealed a phenomenon, unsuspected by any golf ball manufacturer. During the instant of distortion, the ball is under such strain that cracks appear in many directions, only to close up again as tightly (though even the most powerful magnifying glass can find no trace of them).

2—Gravity Wins, but a Slender String of Milk Strives Desperately to Hold Back the Drop.

phers, these dainty "shades of the air" scorned the perch, preferring to hover in empty space at just the right position to get their sharp bills into the trough.

They would suck up a drop, swallow it and dip down for another. After a while they would back off, holding themselves suspended in empty air or darting about the trough, soon to return for another mouthful. It was as if four of Mrs. Webster's lady guests at a dinner party had declined the dining-room chairs offered by their hostess, preferring to suspend themselves over the dinner plates by flapping their arms up and down at the rate of sixty times to the second, or 360 to the minute, all through the meal. No guest in evening dress, or feathers, either, would do such a thing if it were anything like the exertion it seems to be.

There was no question of fear, because the only person in sight was their good friend, Mrs. Webster, on whose shoulders and head they were always glad to perch except when actually eating. They simply enjoy eating that way just as the Japanese like to dine squatting cross-legged on the floor, rather than in a chair. When alarmed for any reason, it was found that the humming-birds in-

3—Once! The Drop Is Free and the Broken "String" Tries to Scramble Back to the Dropper.

creased their wing-speed up to about seventy beats to the second. Presumably they could go even higher than that if in actual terror of being killed.

The high-speed camera reveals that the bird supports itself by a sculling, to-and-fro motion of the wings. This is due to the fact that the feathers lag behind the wing bones, giving the wing a slant which forces the air downward, just as the slanting wings of an airplane force enough air downward to support its weight. To accomplish this, however, the plane has to travel ahead at high speed.

The inventor of a plane that can hover like a humming-bird will have solved the greatest problem of aviation. Such a plane could settle down softly as a snowflake on the roof of a skyscraper or crawl through an opening in one of its walls hardly bigger than the plane itself.

Theoretically a helicopter which has wings that are two huge screws, revolving in opposite directions, could hover in mid-air but it could hardly dart sideways forward and back, as the humming-bird does. The first attempts at flying machines were contraptions with flapping wings and fail, like those of a bird. None of these even remotely approached success because, even if they had possessed sufficient power and the wings properly designed, the whole affair would have called for an aviator with much of the nervous system and flying experience of a bird, to make it work.

No human being can hope to acquire

4—Too Late! The "String" Forms into a Tiny After-Drop, Both Undergoing Convulsive Changes of Shape.

such abilities but it is not beyond the range of possibility that an automatic control system may some day be invented, capable of filling the lack. Anything based on barometric pressure would be too slow as well as inaccurate for correcting a rise and fall of a few feet or inches. Possibly weights on springs, rising and falling against the movement of the plane, might govern electrical controls of the wing action. But such control would have to be through a system more delicate than anything previously attempted by the mind of man, on such a complicated scale.

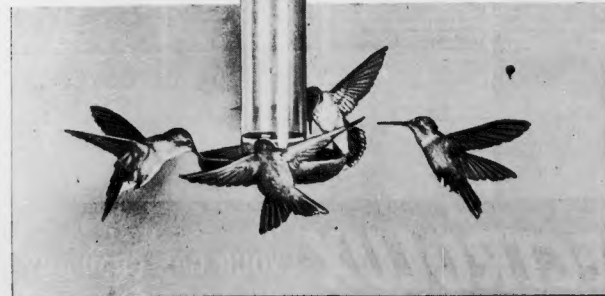
The complication is the main obstacle in the way because the delicacy alone would not be as great an improvement over man's clumsy powers of handling the modern plane, as the ultra-speed camera is over his own eye. Such a wing-flapping plane would need some flexible substitute for the yielding feathers of the bird. The glass eye of the telescope or the ultra-speed camera, form a more perfect image than that of the human eye and, probably even the eagle's.

There would be no need of moving the airplane flappers at any such terrific speed as that of the humming-bird's wings, a thing which light material of such large size probably never could stand.

5—After Falling About Six Feet, Convulsions Cease in the Big Drop, Which Is Now a Perfect Globe.

But at twelve feet air resistance has flattened the globe in front.

6—But at Twelve Feet Air Resistance Has Flattened the Globe in Front.



Rather Than Sit Down Comfortably to Their Dinner, These Humming-Birds Prefer to Eat Hovering in the Air, Which Requires Sixty Wing-Beats to the Second—Too Rapid for the Eye to See the Wings, But the Camera Caught and Recorded Each Wing-Beat.

(From "Edgerton, Germeshausen and Greer," Copyright 1927.)

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# YOU'LL SAVE MORE MONEY

because its  
silent, different  
freezing system  
**HAS NO**  
**MOVING PARTS**

## WITH A SERVEL ELECTROLUX



*Year after Year*  
**IT CUTS YOUR FOOD BILLS,  
CUTS YOUR REFRIGERATION BILLS,  
STEERS CLEAR OF  
COSTLY UPKEEP**

**R**IGHT NOW is the time to start saving with a new refrigerator—now, with all the summer before you. And a million happy families have proved that you'll be *money ahead* with a Servel Electrolux.

For . . . this remarkable refrigerator has the simplest of all freezing systems. There are no moving parts in it to cause friction or noise, none to cause wear or loss of efficiency. A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces constant cold and cubes of ice, unfatigingly.

Owners report that Servel Electrolux runs for only a few cents a day . . . *keeps on* operating at this same low cost as long as you have it. They find,

too, that this modern refrigerator means a practical absence of maintenance cost—assures perfect food protection and savings year after year.

See the beautiful 1937 Servel Electrolux models at your gas company or neighborhood dealer. Remember, the great American gas industry recommends Servel Electrolux to you—your local gas company backs and services every one it installs.

**For farm and country homes,  
It runs on kerosene or bottled gas.**

All the advantages and economies that Servel Electrolux brings to city homes can be yours . . . no matter how far you live beyond the gas mains. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Dept. A.W. 6, Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

TUNE IN "THE MARCH OF TIME"—Columbia Network—Thursday evenings, 10:30 E.D.T. Sponsored by Servel Electrolux

### "PAYS ITS OWN WAY"

"Our Servel Electrolux pays its own way with its big savings on operating cost and food bills. We never have to put anything out for repairs, either."—Mrs. Margaret J. Harl, 1051 Gramercy Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.



### "TROUBLE-PROOF"

"I have been having Servel Electrolux Refrigerators for my apartment for more than 6 years. As a builder, I have watched their performance closely. They are trouble-proof."—Mr. Robert H. Reid, 10 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.



### "SAVES ON FOOD"

"We've saved a lot of money with our Servel Electrolux since we got it three years ago. It's so economical to operate and saves me money in food costs, too."—Mrs. Elton Madden, 4129 Rossmore Rd., Kansas City, Mo.



### "9 YEARS' ECONOMY"

"Nine years ago I purchased my Servel Electrolux. Today, it's still as silent and economical as the day I bought it. The expense to run it has never exceeded a few cents a day."—Mr. George J. Nelson, 34-15 97th St., Corona, New York.



**NEW LOW PRICES  
NEW LOW TERMS**  
Every Modern Convenience

# SERVEL ELECTROLUX

THE Gas REFRIGERATOR

SEE IT AT  
**YOUR GAS COMPANY  
OR LOCAL DEALER**

# How Good Doctors Could Have Changed History

Studying the Ailments of Great Personages of Earlier Centuries, Scientists See Where Modern Medical Knowledge Would Have Saved Many World Leaders From Untimely Death



A Plague Doctor of the Middle Centuries With a New-Protecting Mask Filled With Frankincense—Hardly Less Terrifying to the Ailing Patient Than the Fear of the Disease He Came to Cure.



The Last Moments of Charles V of Spain, the Victim of Overindulgence in Food and Drink, an Ailment Which Would Have Been Dealt With Easily by Modern Physicians and His Life Prolonged With, Perhaps, Profound Influence on World Affairs.



The Death of Alexander the Great Who Probably Died of Typhus-Smell Monstrous, Which Modern Doctors and Hospital Appliances Would Have Taken Care Of So That the Conqueror Might Have Kept On and Changed the Map of Europe and Perhaps the Whole World.

THEY ARE DIFFICULT TO FIGHT, BUT THE GREAT MEN OF THE PAST HAVE BEEN VICTIMS OF THEM. AND THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAS BEEN CHANGED BY THEIR DEATHS. THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, FOR EXAMPLE, CHANGED THE MAP OF EUROPE AND PERHAPS THE WHOLE WORLD. THE DEATH OF CHARLES V OF SPAIN, ANOTHER GREAT MAN, CHANGED THE HISTORY OF EUROPE. AND THE DEATH OF BEETHOVEN, A GREAT MUSICIAN, CHANGED THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. THESE MEN WERE ALL VICTIMS OF AILMENTS THAT MODERN DOCTORS COULD HAVE DEALT WITH EASILY. BUT THEY DID NOT LIVE. AND THE WORLD WAS CHANGED BY THEIR DEATHS.

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Queen of Arc Is Believed by Modern Doctors to Have Been the Victim of a Great Disease Which Could Have Been Treated. This Would Have Freed Her From Those Ailments of Anger and the Hearing of Noses, and She Would Not Have Had the Edge to Lead the Armies of France, and Thus the History of Europe Would Have Been Changed.



Meeting of Satan's Hosts at Pandemonium, From Milton's "Paradise Lost." John Milton Suffered From an Eye Disease Which Is Now Curable. But If Milton Had Not Been Blind, He Might Not Have Written His Great Imaginative Poem.

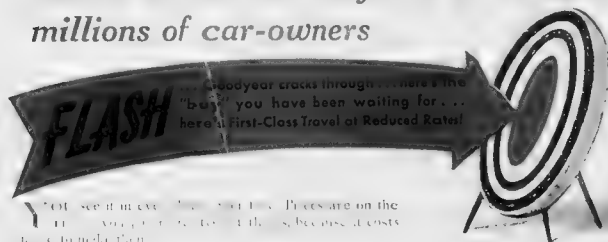


The Great Musician Beethoven, Whose Deafness Could Have Been Relieved by a Modern Ear Specialist, but Whether This Would Have Been a Defeat or to His Musical Composition Cannot Be Predicted.



# RIGHT IN FACE OF RISING PRICES GOODYEAR FLINGS NEW SURPRISE TIRE 'R-1'

*Aimed point-blank at climbing costs, brilliant new tire by world's largest maker scores bull's-eye in VALUE for millions of car-owners*



Goodyear tracks through where the "bull" you have been waiting for... here a First-Class Travel at Reduced Rate!

Y'ot see it in every tire? Prices are on the rise... and Goodyear's new "R-1" is here to make them.

Labor is up, materials are up, so are manufacturing supplies and production costs of all kinds.

But the real leaders of industry don't take that lying down! So in the price-cutting struggle, Goodyear leads the leadership.

So zooming costs acted on Goodyear like a spur — made

us work all the harder to look them, to come through, to deliver *right now* a tire value so outstanding it would demonstrate all over again why Goodyear's "the great rubber."

## Results Talk — and How!

And what a tire came out of all that effort — what a big, handsome, tough, thrifty new traveler — a value-packed, mileage-grammed, safety-laden tire — just look at it, the sensational new "R-1"!

We started it months ago, with the first threat of rising costs. Our engineering and development staffs bore down on it with courage, tenacity, tactics, experience and talent in the whole rubber world.

They were shooting straight for a new tire that would give you a big Goodyear quality and come out at a price you are used to paying. A tire that would be a smash-hit in the whole country.

Look what we've done! The sensational new "R-1" tire on sale everywhere by Goodyear dealers and Goodyear Service Stations. The whole country can see it's a smash-hit in the middle of the "bullseye."

## See it — and get a thrill!

This sensational "R-1" tire is the start of a new era in tire values. It's a tire that's been built to give you more safety, more security, more comfort, more pleasure from the road. It's a tire that's the world's most popular tire.

Just look at it! Look at the beauty and size and "beef" of it! There's 12% more rubber in that



FRONT PAGE NEWS for millions of drivers who want tires of the leading make and nation-wide reputation, at the price they're used to paying! On the facts given here you'll decide — "That new 'R-1' is the tire for my money."



"BROAD-SHOULDER" — "R-1" shoulders are higher, broader, to "hold" better on curves.

WHERE IT COUNTS — see that wider, flatter tread? More road-contact, better traction.

CAN TAKE IT — there's 12% more rubber in the "R-1" tread... more miles.

massive "R-1" tread, and it's flatter, wider, to give you more road-contact — more traction.

We've packed this great tire with every proved Goodyear feature — Center Traction, the Goodyear Safety — higher, broader shoulders, to hold on curves — wider riding-ribs, for easier steering — equalized wear — patented Supertwist Goodyear for maximum blowout protection.

Get a thrill, go see the new "R-1" in your car. Here's a real eyeful of one of the swellest tires ever done, an all-time high in value-giving tires, at climbing prices!

THIS  
PICTURE  
SHOWS  
THE  
GOODYEAR  
PRICE  
LINE-UP  
TODAY



"G-3"  
Greatest safety and mileage money can buy

"R-1"  
Gives you first-class travel at reduced rates

SPEEDWAY  
Lowest possible miles per dollar

SEE FOR  
YOURSELF  
WHY THE  
"R-1"  
IS GREAT

Look at these standard features which Goodyear's unequalled experience and knowledge have put into this tire at this low price.

FLATTER, WIDER TREAD  
Gives you more road contact.

12% MORE RUBBER IN TREAD  
Gives you more wear.

HIGHER, BROADER SHOULDERS  
Gives you better grip on curves.

CENTER TRACTION  
Gives you better steering.

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY  
Gives you more protection.

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS  
Give your car more beauty.

Remember —  
MY OWN BEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

# GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

EASTMAN





The Late Lord Halifax Who Compiled the Ghost Book From Experiences Narrated to Him by His Friends.

# Lord Halifax's Reminiscences

## A Collection of Astonishing Real Life Stories of Spooks, Dreams, Premonitions and Eerie Happenings Authenticated in Each Case by Some Eminent Personage

**THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX**, Lord Privy Seal of the present British Government, and formerly Viceroy of India, was left a curious legacy by the late Lord Halifax, his father. It was a collection of reported experiences with ghosts, of startling dreams, of vivid premonitions that came true and other unearthly happenings.

Spooks are usually said to be found wandering about old castles and making their appearance to the present-day descendants of the

ancestral owners. Lord Halifax knew all the titled nobility as to how these should be treated.

Each episode is a complete and perfect story, verified by the name of some eminent and trustworthy personage, and authenticated by the facts. The present Lord Halifax has been very curious documents for publication, and they are printed and will be continued on succeeding 500 pages.

### Three Cold Kisses by the Sitwell Ghost

*Renishaw, about which the following story is related, is the country house of the Sitwells, the well-known Derbyshire family to which Mr. Osbert, Mr. Sacheverell and Miss Edith Sitwell belong.*

*The story was given to Lord Halifax by his friend, Miss Tait, the daughter of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.*

IN 1881 Sir George Sitwell, who was born in 1800, celebrated his legal coming of age. There was a large party in the house for the occasion, the guests including the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) and one of his daughters.

Miss Tait was sleeping in a room at the head of the staircase. In the middle of the night she came into the room of Miss Sitwell, Sir George's sister, and declared that she had been awakened by the sensation of some one having given her three cold kisses.

Miss Sitwell said she would make up a bed for Miss Tait on the sofa in her own room. She added that she was not willing to go back and sleep in Miss Tait's room, as one she had fancied that she had had the same experience there.

After the party had broken up, Mr. Turnbull, Sir George's agent, came to talk to him about some business and in the course of their conversation Sir George mentioned Miss Tait's account of what she believed had occurred in the room she occupied. Sir George had the night that Mr. Turnbull would be amused, but contrary to his expectations Mr. Turnbull turned very pale and said:

"Well, Sir George, you may make a joke about it, but when you lent us the house for our honeymoon, Miss Crane (sister to Walter Crane, the artist), a half-sister of my wife's, came to stay with us, and she had the same room and the same experience."

Some time afterwards there was a question of altering and enlarging the staircase. Sir George

Sitwell consulted his architect, Mr. Thomas, as to how these should be treated. Thomas recommended that the staircase should be widened, with the new floor to be laid on the old floor.

The work was begun and on opening the door of the room at the head of the staircase, the floor of one of the bedrooms came down, something that interested Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas went down and discovered a skeleton lying on the floor of the room at the head of the staircase.

The skeleton appeared to be of the fourteenth century. It was the skeleton of a man, and it was found in the room at the head of the staircase.

There was no trace of the skeleton in the coffin, but it was found in the room at the head of the staircase, and it was found in the room at the head of the staircase.

### Lady Beresford's Wrist Instantly Withered by the Touch of a Spectral

*This account was sent to Lord Halifax by Captain the Hon. Arthur Somerset, who had it from his grandmother, Lady Charles Somerset.*

*The Lady Beresford referred to was the widow of Sir Tristram Beresford, the third baronet. She was the childhood friend of James, third Earl of Tyrone.*

LORD TYRONE and Lady Beresford were brought up together. Being orphaned in their infancy, they were left to the care of a guardian who saw that they were educated in the principles of Deism.

He died when they were both about fourteen. No argument could move them from the faith they had acquired in their childhood. Although now separated from each other, their affection was unchanged, and after some years they made a mutual and solemn promise that whichever of them should be the first to die would, if permitted, appear to the other and declare what was the true religion.

Soon afterwards Lady Beresford married Sir Tristram. She still saw a good deal of her friend, with whom she frequently exchanged visits.

Shortly after one of these visits Sir Tristram observed one morning, when his wife came down to breakfast, that she was very pale and that her face carried evident marks of terror and confusion. He enquired of her health, and she assured him that she was perfectly well. He begged to be told if anything had occurred to distress her, and she replied: "No, no, I am as well as usual."

"Have you hurt your wrist?" he asked, thinking that a black ribbon was bound round it. "Have you sprained it?"

**Knew in Advance of Death of Lord Tyrone.**

She replied that nothing had happened, but added: "Let me beg you, Sir Tristram, never to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon. You will never again see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know why I wear it, I would tell you. I never in my life denied you a request, but about this I must entreat you to forgive my silence and never to inquire again on the subject."

"Very well, my lady," replied Sir Tristram, smiling. "Since you so earnestly desire it, I will ask no more."

There the conversation rested, but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady Beresford eagerly asked if the post had come in. She was told that it had not.

A few minutes later she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the question. Once more she was told that the post had not arrived.

"Do you expect a letter?" asked Sir Tristram.

"I do," she answered. "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; that he died last Tuesday at four o'clock."

At that instant the servant opened the door and delivered a letter sealed with black.

"It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford, "he is dead."

Sir Tristram opened the letter. It was from the steward of Lord Tyrone and contained the news that his master had died at the very hour specified by Lady Beresford.

Sir Tristram begged her to compose herself and

to try as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him, however, that she felt much easier in her mind than she had done for some time.

She added, "I can tell you something which I know will prove welcome to you. I can assure you beyond the possibility of a doubt that I am now with child and it is a son."

After a period of some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son, who was seven years old when his father died.

On Sir Tristram's death Lady Beresford went very little from the house. The only family she visited was that of a clergyman, who lived in the same village. She devoted the rest of her time entirely to solitude, as though determined to avoid all human society.

The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife and one son, who at Sir Tristram's death was quite a youth.

Nevertheless, after a few years of widowhood Lady Beresford astonished the neighborhood by marrying this young man.

The outcome of the marriage justified the gloomy expectations of her neighbors. She was treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, his conduct being that of an abandoned libertine.

After he had been two or three years married, Lady Beresford was so grieved by his profligate conduct that she abandoned her home and retired to a convent for several years, where she expressed his deep

contrition for his former misconduct, she consented to pardon him and once more to reside with him. After some time she bore him a son.

On the day on which she fell ill in a month, being the anniversary of her birthday, she sent for her two children and her two sisters, asking them to spend the day with her.

About noon the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained friendly relations, came into her room to inquire after her health. She told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her. "For," she said, "I am forty-eight to-day."

"No, my lady," replied the clergyman, "you are mistaken. Your mother and I had many disputes about your age, and I at length discovered that I was right. Happening to go last week into the parish where you were born, I searched the register and found you were born forty-seven to-day."

"You have signed my death warrant," said Lady Beresford. "I have not much longer to live, and must entrust it to you, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

**Lady Beresford's Story of the Ghostly Visitation.**

When the clergyman had left, Lady Beresford sent word to put off her friends, but asked Lady Betty (her sister) to call on her son by Sir Tristram, to console her.

I have something of the utmost confidence to impart to each of you before I die, a period which is not far distant, I believe. You, Lady Betty, are so strange a creature, and so different from me, that I cannot tell you what I have to say. I have something of the utmost confidence to impart to each of you before I die, a period which is not far distant, I believe. You, Lady Betty, are so strange a creature, and so different from me, that I cannot tell you what I have to say.

When our father died, in the first year of the reign of George the Fourth, his arguments, though most just, were not sufficient to convince me of the truth of his religion. I was a young girl, and I was not yet of age. I was a young girl, and I was not yet of age.

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but if, after this warning, you persist in your course, another world will be miserable to you.

"May I not ask," I said, "if you are not a spirit?"

"Had it been otherwise, I should not have been permitted to appear to you."

"But how," I asked, "when mortals shall be convinced that your appearance is real?"

"Will not the news of my death," I said, "be sufficient?"

"No," I answered. "I might have dreamed and that dream might account for what you say. I wish some stronger proof."

"You shall," he said.

Then, waving his hand, the beds at the head of the bed, which was oval, was suspended in the air.

"Now," he said, "you stand before a mortal arm could have done this."

"True," I replied, "but seeing you have possessed of far greater strength than I possess, I could not have done this, and I therefore I shall still doubt."

He then said: "You have a pocket watch which I shall write. You know my handwriting. I placed 'Yes' on the watch."

He then wrote with a pen on the watch, and I saw the words "Yes" written on the watch.

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The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Somerset, Whose Husband Told the Extraordinary Story of Lady Beresford.



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Perhaps It Was the Interest Stirred Up in British Society by the Revelations in the Princess Helena's Recent Book Which Drove Lord Halifax to Make Public the Many and Somewhat Similar Experiences Collected by His Late Father. Princess Helena Stated That Exactly at the Hour Her Friend, Lord Thomson, Lost His Life, "I felt a pain at my heart, which was so violent, so inexplicable and so persistent that, at the end of an hour's struggle with myself, I had to awaken the servants and send for a doctor, then, in spite of sedatives, I did not sleep all night." Next Morning the News of the Wreck of England's Great Driftlight, With the Loss of Life of Lord Thomson, Reached Her and



Explained the Inexplicable Presentiment of the Night.

## ectral Visitor at Her Bedside

light into the world, and in little more than twenty years after your birth your lamented father passed away. After this melancholy event, I found I had the only way in which I might avoid death, and to pass the remainder of my days in a state of intense suffering. I was on terms of intimacy with one family only, and I did imagine that their son, then a mere child, was the person destined by fate to prove a comfort to me. In a few years I ceased to regard him with indifference. I tried by every possible means to conquer a passion the fatal consequences of which, if yielded to, I knew too well, and fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when one morning my fortune broke down and I was informed that my husband after a few years of married life had passed away without my demand for a separation, but, won over by reiterated entreaties,

I was at last prevailed upon to pardon and once more to reside with him.

This, however, was not until I had, as I imagined, passed my forty-seventh year. But today I have heard on indisputable authority that I have been mistaken about my age and that I am now only forty-seven. I therefore entertain not the least doubt of the near approach of my death.

When that day comes, since the necessity for concealment will be over I wish you, Lady Betty, to unhand my wrist and to take from it the black ribbon, so that you and my son may witness the truth of what I have related.

At this point Lady Beresford paused for some moments, but resuming her conversation entreated her son to behave in such a way as to deserve the honor he would in future receive from his union with Lord Tyne's daughter.

Lady Beresford then expressed a wish to lie down on the bed and compose herself to sleep. Lady Betty Cobb and her son immediately called her attendants and quitted the room.

For an hour all was silent within the room. Then a bell rang violently.

Lady Betty and the boy ran upstairs, but before they could reach the door of the room they heard one of the servants exclaim: "Oh, she is dead. My mistress is dead."

Lady Betty then told the servants to go out, and she and the boy approached the bed and knelt by the side of it. They lifted up Lady Beresford's hand, unbound the ribbon and found the wrist exactly as she had described it, every nerve withered and every sinew shrunk.

As had been predicted, Lady Beresford's son is now married to the daughter of Lord Tyne. The black ribbon and the pocket book are in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, by whom the above narrative has been given.

She and the Tyne family will be found ready to attest the truth of what has been recorded.

This narrative is confirmed by some information given to Lord Halifax by Mr. Beresford Hope. The latter mentioned Gilt Hall as the house in which the ghost of Lord Tyne appeared.

After her first husband's death Lady Beresford married a Mr. Gorges, the son

of a neighboring clergyman. On her fiftieth (not her forty-seventh) birthday, a party of friends had called to offer their congratulations.

While they were with Lady Beresford her father-in-law came into the room and told her that she was a year younger than she had supposed.

Mr. Beresford Hope added that Lady Beresford was so much affected by this information that she took to her bed and died that night or very shortly after.



The Late Lord Thomson, Air Minister of Great Britain, Whose Death Many Hundred Miles Away Seemed to Have Been Foretold Instantly by His Life-long Friend, the Princess Helena.

## Apparition of the Murdered Man With the Bag of Money

The following story is an authentic part of the Halifax Ghost Book, but the name of the person who related the details cannot now be traced.

A GENTLEMAN whose name is not given was leaving London one morning by train from a station. Having with him some papers which he wished to take during the journey, he asked if he might have a compartment to himself. The train was not full, the guard found an empty compartment and locked the door. As the train was about to start an elderly man carrying a bag appeared in a hurry, unlocked the handle of the door, which appeared to have been locked, and got in. A little while the two men fell into conversation. The last corner informing his companion that he was a director of the railway company and that he was interested in a branch line that was to be opened. He said that he was carrying with him a large sum of money, and that he was to lodge in a local bank for the night. The other man, who was not afraid, said the other, "to carry a large sum as you mention." The reply was, "No one would know, as I would not rob me." Not you, just be careful of you. I am not afraid of anything. The man was talking, and in the course of the conversation the gentleman with the bag said, "I know the house to which you are going, it is my niece. Will you go and tell her that I hope to see her. I am sure she won't have such a bad time in my room as she had the last time." The man roared as he said. But here is my niece. The words the elderly gentleman rose to get out. Before doing so, however, he handed his card, on which was written "James Dwer-ringhouse." He then left the carriage, and his fellow-

traveler, settling himself in his seat, saw him walking down the platform with his bag.

At that moment he noticed a cigar-case lying on the floor close to his feet. Picking it up he saw Mr. Dwer-ringhouse's name upon it.

Since the train was not due to start for another ten minutes, he jumped out and ran along the platform in the hope of catching Mr. Dwer-ringhouse and handing over the cigar-case to him.

He had a glimpse of him standing under a lamp-post and talking to a man at the end of the platform. He noticed that the man's hair was of a sandy color and could plainly see his face, which was turned towards him.

As he drew near, however, he lost sight of both the figures, which had rather unaccountably disappeared. Although he looked round carefully to see where they had gone, there was no sign of them.

When he asked a porter, who was standing by, what had happened to them, the man replied that he had not seen any such people, and that they could not have passed his way.

Arriving at his destination that evening, he dressed for dinner and found a large party in the drawing-room.

During dinner he remembered the message to his hostess, and, turning to her, said: "I traveled down with an uncle of yours and he told me to give you the following message."

This he proceeded to do. The lady appeared to be greatly distressed and put out, and so was her husband, and the gentleman realized that he had said something very unfortunate.

What it was and how he could have unweaved his host and hostess he could not imagine. However, when the women had retired from the dining-room, the husband took him aside and said:

"Very awkward, what you told my wife, when you gave her that message from her uncle. The fact is that he has disappeared, and no one knows where he is. What is worse, he absconded with \$350,000. The police are looking for him, and as you can imagine, it is not a pleasant subject in his house."

It so happened that among the guests were

two directors of the railway company.

Having overheard the conversation at dinner they approached the gentleman afterwards and asked him if he could give them any further particulars about the man whom he had met on the train.

"No," he replied, "I can tell you no more, except



Lady Ida Sitwell, in Whose Home a Ghost Appeared to a Daughter of Archbishop Taft.

that I saw him and talked with him and left him, as I thought, speaking to another man on the platform of the station where we parted."

The directors continued to press him and eventually asked him if he would mind appearing before their board and telling his story to them.

He agreed to do so, and in due course the meeting took place. He was in the middle of his narrative when he suddenly exclaimed:

"There is the man I saw talking to Mr. Dwer-ringhouse—that man with the sandy hair!"

A man of this description was actually sitting among the directors. He was the cashier of the company, and now, taken by surprise, called out, "I was not there, I was away on my holidays."

This was so strange an interruption that there and then the directors insisted upon the records being brought in and examined, when it was clear that the cashier had not been on his holidays, as he had stated.

They closely cross-examined him, and eventually forced from him a confession.

He admitted that he had murdered Mr. Dwer-ringhouse.

He insisted that he had not meant to do so, but had known of the director's journey and of the money he was taking with him. Having met him at the station, he had persuaded him to take a short cut, and when they were passing through a quarry, had knocked him on the head with a stone.

He had only meant to stun him and so get possession of the bag, but in falling Mr. Dwer-ringhouse had struck his head on a stone and been killed.

The curious episode of the night was explained by the fact that, owing to some mistake being necessary, the carriage in which Mr. Dwer-ringhouse had traveled had been left on the track the day of his journey to that of his usual appearance.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



**Mercolized Wax**  
*Gives You a New*  
**COMPLEXION**

**SAXOLITE** Astringent is a refreshing skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores. Eliminates oiliness. Dissolves Saxolite in one-half pint with hazel eye drops.

*At drug and department stores everywhere*

*Brush Away*  
**GRAY  
HAIR**  
AND LOOK 10  
YEARS YOUNGER



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*Everywhere Women Are Raving  
About This Amazing New Shampoo*



**Not Soap—Not Oil—Yet Beautifies Hair!**

It's no wonder women everywhere

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# Cathedral of Fear by Herbert Jensen

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters



At the Edge of a  
Clearing, strand the  
covered Don Pedro, Dying from a  
Bullet Wound. Zopilote Buzzards  
Were Hovering Nearby.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Hacienda



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Moreover, the  $\beta$  parameter is not significantly different from zero, indicating that the model is not misspecified. The results of the Hausman test indicate that the random effects model is more appropriate than the fixed effects model. The results of the Breusch-Pagan test indicate that the random effects model is more appropriate than the fixed effects model. The results of the Hausman test indicate that the random effects model is more appropriate than the fixed effects model.

The following information was obtained from the records of the  
 Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, and the  
 Bureau of Reclamation, and is being furnished to you for your  
 information.

Continued on Page 18

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**No. 7 DUCO POLISH**  
THE SPEEDY AUTO POLISH  
FOR ALL CAR FINISHES



**CRIME DOES NOT PAY. USE NO. 7**

EVERY DAY WILL BE  
*Father's Day* with



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ITCHING  
SKIN**



**M**ORE scriptural articles appear in any issue of **THE AMERICAN WEEKLY** than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

[illegible]





"I bought them myself for you, Dad. Mother said I'd get my money's worth at GRANTS!"

"You bet, son! You and I both know GRANTS Shirts aren't cut to fit the price — they're cut to fit men like you and me."

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**Grants Famous "PENKLEIGH" and "SEAMONT" Shirts \$1.00**

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Boys' "Wearite" Shirts

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Made to last, and made to be worn. No fading, no shrinking, no staining. A shirt that will stand up to the toughest wear.

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Do you believe that one extra button can bring thousands of men and women — thirty years and mothers — to one store with a cheerful orange sign, after shirts?

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Cut to full size and measure throughout. Scientifically tailored — proved the equal of higher priced shirts. Curves where curves ought to be. Only tested double-shrunk, mercerized broadcloth used. All vat-dyed, no fading 200 or more washings to the only "smell-free" shirt. Look that fresh in 100 washings!

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Your friends and neighbors who are still doing business on the principle that accounts for America's most famous shirt value every day of the year — and for thousands of others. All sold under our money-back guarantee. Come in tomorrow, prove it. GRANTS is a money value. A store that is a community shopping center.

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The store with the orange-and-gold sign — known for values

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New Haven ... 110 Main Street  
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### MAINE

Bangor ... 100 Main Street  
Brunswick ... 110 Main Street  
Calais ... 120 Main Street  
Eastport ... 130 Main Street  
Lewiston ... 140 Main Street  
Old Town ... 150 Main Street  
Portland ... 160 Main Street

### MASSACHUSETTS

Albany ... 100 Main Street  
Andover ... 110 Main Street  
Boston ... 120 Main Street  
Cambridge ... 130 Main Street  
Fall River ... 140 Main Street  
Fitchburg ... 150 Main Street  
Haverhill ... 160 Main Street  
Lowell ... 170 Main Street  
Malden ... 180 Main Street  
Marblehead ... 190 Main Street  
Medford ... 200 Main Street  
Needham Heights ... 210 Main Street  
Norfolk ... 220 Main Street  
Norwood ... 230 Main Street  
Quincy ... 240 Main Street  
Roslindale ... 250 Main Street  
Salem ... 260 Main Street  
Somerville ... 270 Main Street  
Weymouth ... 280 Main Street  
Woburn ... 290 Main Street

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

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Tilton ... 150 Main Street  
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York ... 200 Main Street

### NEW JERSEY

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### PENNSYLVANIA

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Lancaster ... 150 Main Street  
Reading ... 160 Main Street  
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### RHODE ISLAND

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Warwick ... 110 Main Street  
Woonsocket ... 120 Main Street

### VERMONT

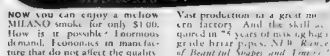
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St. Albans City ... 180 Main Street  
St. Albans Town ... 190 Main Street  
St. Johnsbury ... 200 Main Street  
Windsor ... 210 Main Street

*By Patrick O'Keeffe*

idea," she retorted  
a little gleefully. And I  
wanted to see if she could  
be a weeny bit jealous.

Hilton asked me if he  
rest on one of the days. "I  
but he said I was  
jealous that I released him. He  
to the Havana office and he  
to for the moment," he  
that's one point in which  
would not let me to reach  
her mind.

The End



**D**IETITIAN'S GUIDE TO THE NEW YORK STATE DIETITIAN EXAMINATION AND REGISTRATION PROCESS

There are two main types of *Staphylococcus aureus* infections. The first is a skin infection, such as a boil or abscess. The second is a more serious infection, such as a pneumonia or sepsis. Both types of infection can be caused by a single bacterium, but the severity of the infection depends on the site of infection and the immune response of the host.

[illegible][illegible]

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER**

## A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark hair, wearing a wide-brimmed hat. She is looking slightly to the right with a gentle smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

patterned on natural  
skin oils!

[illegible][illegible]

# INGRAM'S

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION. ALL-IN-ONE.

**A**

18S 28S 5.8S

Brain Heart Liver Muscle Kidney

## "LIGHT

**T**HAT'S WHY the new Soft-Wes Waldorf brings you a comfort and security you don't get from ordinary tissues selling at the same price. It has the smooth, even texture of soft cloth. No "humps" to irritate tender skins. No dirt specks. No thin spots.

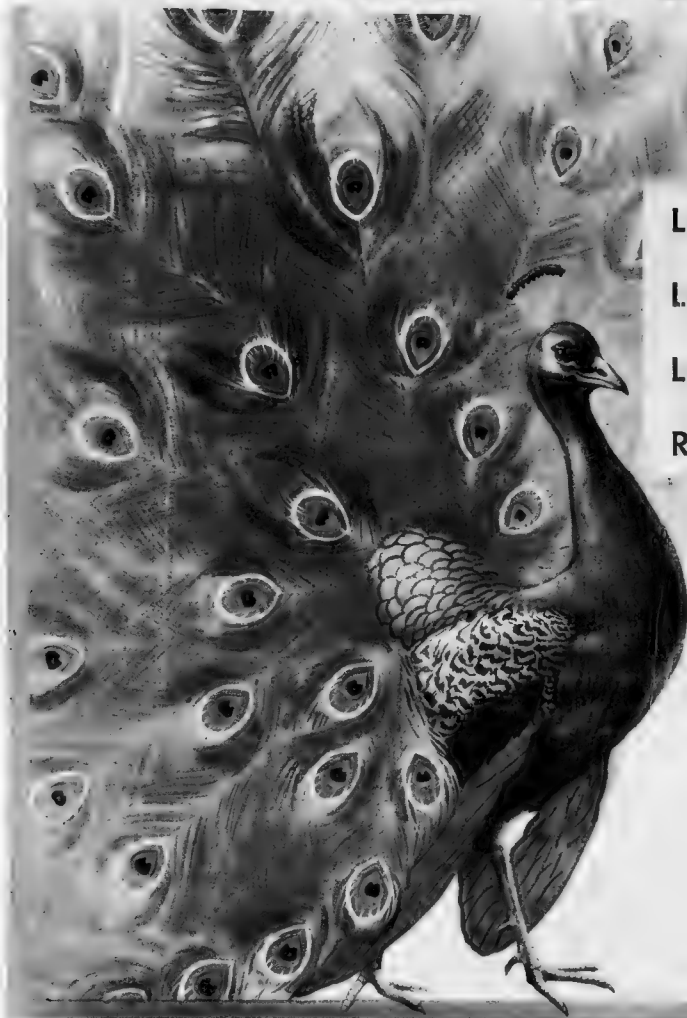
Say "Soft Wes Waldorf" to your grocer. Give your family the protection of this finer tissue. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.



ci



# SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF!



Let good judgment be your boast;

Let good whiskey be your toast;

Let your friends from coast to coast

Rise, and say, "The Perfect Host!"

And we are not a little proud of the way folks have taken to the rich and mellow Calvert Blends. The trend is to blends... and in every bar—wherever you are—the call is for Calvert! For millions are learning—the better the whiskey, the better the drink.



## COCKTAILS CALL FOR CALVERT

You'll find that Calvert mixes marvelously into cocktails; makes satinsmooth highballs, too. For Calvert is a perfectly blended whiskey. And that is the secret of perfectly blended drinks. So, when you stop in at your favorite bar... or when you serve cocktails at home—Call for Calvert! Below, our Calvert Cocktail Expert offers two perfect cocktail recipes for June:

### A MARVELOUS MANHATTAN:

Take 4 CALVERT'S RESERVE or SPECIAL, and 1 gallon Vermouth, then stir vigorously. Serve in cocktail glass with cherry. You can add maraschino juice to sweeten if it is an Either way—it's as fine as moonlight!

### A FAMOUS OLD FASHIONED:

Take one small lump of sugar, add two dashes of bitters and one ounce of soda or plain water. Muddle thoroughly to dissolve sugar, deposit two large cubes of ice, add a jigger of CALVERT'S RESERVE or CALVERT'S SPECIAL. Decorate with cut of pineapple, a slice of orange and lemon, a maraschino cherry.

CLEAR HEADS CALL FOR

# Calvert

## WHISKIES



Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve", Calvert's "Special", and Old Drum Brand Whiskies, and Calvert's London Dry Distilled Gin.



© 1937 CALVERT DISTILLERS COOP. DISTILLERIES, RELAY, MD. AND LOUISVILLE, KY. EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 5 years old. 32% straight whiskey 5 years old. 68% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 2 years or more old. 32% straight whiskey 2 years old. 35% straight whiskey 5 years old. 75% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product are 3 year and 6 months or more old. 25% straight whiskey. 75% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S LONDON DRY DISTILLED GIN—50 PROOF—distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits.

KODAK

A DEVASTATING  
WAY  
TO DESCRIBE  
A GIRL

[illegible]

**Quick to use. Harmless to clothing.**  
Halt the odor of sweat and deodorant  
residue. *Deodorant M-100* is  
the answer. *Deodorant M-100* is  
the answer.

**Soothing to skin.** *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer. *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer.

**Doesn't prevent natural perspiration.**  
*Deodorant M-100* is the answer.  
*Deodorant M-100* is the answer.

**How to use:** Apply *Deodorant M-100*  
to the underarm area. *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer. *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer.

**Where to buy:** *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer. *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer.

**Get it today.** *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer. *Deodorant M-100*  
is the answer.

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Lady  
Blithersnick-  
Watkins turned  
the great

[illegible][illegible]

He had a lot of time to think about his work as he rode his bike. "I was a workaholic, and I was a perfectionist," he says. "I was a workaholic, and I was a perfectionist." He was a workaholic, and he was a perfectionist. He was a workaholic, and he was a perfectionist.

*A Better*  
**FALSE TEETH  
TIGHTENER**

HOLDS TIGHTER! LASTS LONGER

**This size 10¢**  
AT LEADING U.S. STORES

**Dentlock**  
A DENTURE POWDER

INSURIS

**TIGHT TEETH**

HOLDS DENTAL PLATES  
PLAYS IN BLACK

Your dentures will look as new

**Giant size 39¢**  
at 25¢ STORES

**FREE SAMPLE!**  
 LORTORANCE CHEMICAL CO. Dept. EA ALBANY, N.Y.

RELIEF AT THE TOE-LINE  
WITH  
**KOHLER**  
ONE NIGHT CORN SALVE  
Put on Corn Salve - Once  
Removes Corn Safely - Quickly  
**15c**

**T**HE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap book containing the Political, scientific, religious, economic and domestic news articles and illustrations published regularly in one of our issues of the American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

**MUM**  **U'E MUM ON SANITARY  
NAPKINS TOO**

**takes the odor out of perspiration**

*Half & Half Makes  
ONE Swell Smoke!*



Get a pipe and get aboard with Half & Half. Cool as the thought that you've missed your train. Smooth as discovering it's ten minutes late. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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**HALF AND HALF**  
*The Safe Pipe-Tobacco*  
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No biting fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

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Continued on Page 27



*Why can't  
I find Romance*  
**LIKE OTHER  
GIRLS?**

SHE TOOK THE HINT

EXIT 'B.O.' Enter woman.

stops B.O.

LURMOY

**GC**  
**DA**  
The 1st  
Soap







# Cafe of Fear by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 21)

ponder, she began whispering against his chest.

"The beast! Poor Chiquita! Poor Fritz!"

"Your horse," Strand murmured, "knows."

"He tightened his arms."

"His eyes drifted downward, he cupped a little and held up his hands. They were stained with sticky red."

"You are hurt!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Rather helplessly Strand said, "Vas," and looked down at his arm and bloody-tinged sleeve.

"We begin to hurt," he said in an apologetic tone.

Together they examined the arm.

Strand said nervously, "We must have water. My canteen was on Chiquita."

She drew in her teeth, an expression Strand remembered the hard when agitated.

"We must go back to the hacienda, Fritz," she said.

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The horse at this moment was about frantic at the sight of water.

indeed, Strand's mouth opened suddenly at the thought of the cool liquid surface ahead.

Looping the reins in his hand he exerted all the strength of his sound arm to restrain the thrashing beast, but despite his intention Strand was drawn with long stiff-legged strides to the edge.

The horse stretched its neck toward the surface. Suddenly it did an unaccountable thing.

Snorting, low-shouldered it backed away. It gave a sudden jerk of its head. The reins were wrenched from Strand's grasp and he pitched to the ground upon his hurt arm.

For an instant the trees reeled before his eyes. He came to an elbow and in consternation watched the gleaming hoofs and flying stirrups as their horse vanished down the back trail.

Strand turned his head to meet Sherida's gaze. He knew his expression was one of dismay; the girl's face wore the same look for an instant, then was replaced by one of weariness.

"I'm sorry about the horse," Strand muttered. He got slowly to his feet. "I couldn't help."

Sherida had touched back a strand of hair from her flushed forehead and was kneeling beside the pool's edge.

Strand uttered a sudden exclamation of warning. He cried in great uneasiness:

"Don't drink!" He was beside her in an instant. "I don't know."

Miss Sherida, but don't drink!"

She stared at him in surprise, while Strand with narrowed eyelids looked at that complacent light blue surface. He could not resist swallowing dryly: "I don't know," he murmured again, and studied the water.

Even the depths under the overhanging rocks edging it, were of that peculiar blue hue; radiantly cerulean, somewhat darker than the mid-day sky, and as though, somehow, it generated its own light from some other source beyond normal reflection.

The rocks at the bottom were bleached-looking, which was, Strand thought, in itself curious, since the surrounding terrain was

darkly basaltic where shrubs or earth did not cover it. There was no vegetation within or immediately about the pool. At the same time he noted that the pool had no visible inlet or outlet; apparently the water issued from some point within the cavern and then seeped out through some invisible conduit under its farther edge.

At first Strand thought it was a trick of reflection; but no, as he moved closer to Sherida he saw a grinning death's-head lying amid a mound of elongate stones at the bottom of the pool.

Stones indeed! They were human bones! An incalculable number. Strand saw many things clearly in the next instant. He knew why their horse had refused to drink the water of this pool: why there was no vegetation growing about it. This was a pool of death—a poison pool.

The cheerless skull glistened upward at him as if in melancholy confirmation.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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BEGIN YOUR DAY WITH

## DJER-KISS

EACH new day brings promise of romantic adventure. Greet it with your loveliest self, glorified by the exquisite fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc. Fascinating women, the world over, have long prized this precious French perfume. Make Djer-Kiss Talc your constant companion—your personal allure—your very Soul of Romance.

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

**DJER-KISS**  
(Fragranced "Bar Kiss")  
**TALC**  
By KERHOFF PARIS

## Ice Cream Recipes

### All-Summer Fruit Ice Cream.

Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, 1/2 cup drained fruit pulp, 1/2 cup strained fruit juice, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup whipping cream. Blend thoroughly together condensed milk, fruit pulp, fruit juice and vanilla. Chill in refrigerator. Whip cream only to a curd-like consistency, then fold into well-chilled mixture. Pour mixture into freezer trays. After mixture is half frozen, remove from refrigerator. Scrape mixture from bottom and sides of pan, and beat until smooth. Replace in freezing unit and continue until frozen. Serves 6.

Use peaches, berries, any stewed fresh or dried fruits, apricots, plums, raspberries, prunes (using among the most delicious).

### Summer Fruit Sherbets.

Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 cup water, 1 cup crushed washed fruit pulp, 2 egg whites. Blend thoroughly condensed milk, lemon juice, and melted butter with water. Add fruit pulp and egg whites. Beat egg whites very stiff and fold into chilled mixture. Pour mixture into freezer trays. After mixture is half frozen, remove, and scrape mixture from bottom and sides of pan. Beat until smooth. Replace in freezer unit and freeze. Serves 6.

Fresh Raspberry Sherbet—Use 1 cup crushed seeded raspberry pulp.

Fresh Peach Sherbet—Use 1 cup crushed washed peaches.

Pineapple Milk Sherbet—Use 1 cup canned crushed pineapple and pineapple juice in place of water.

### Chocolate Ice Cream.

One square unsweetened chocolate, 1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla (or 1/4 teaspoon

### Banana Ice Cream Mix.

Two remelt tablets, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 cups rich top milk, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup mashed ripe banana pulp, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2 cup whipping cream. Break tablets into small bits and dissolve in cold water. Heat milk (do not cook), and dissolve sugar in warm milk. Add dissolved tablets. Pour into freezer trays and let stand outside refrigerator at room temperature to become firm and set. Then chill. Add mashed banana pulp, lemon juice, and the cream which has been whipped to a curd-like consistency. Place freezer trays in refrigerator and freeze to a mush. Then scrape from bottom and sides, and beat until smooth. Return and continue freezing. Serves 8 to 10.

### Chocolate Sundae Sauce.

Two egg yolks, 1 cup rich sweetened milk, 2 squares cooking chocolate, melted, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat yolks and salt together, then add melted chocolate and sugar. Scald milk, and add slowly to this mixture, stirring constantly while mixture cooks in double boiler. Stir until curd coats the spoon. Add vanilla. Serve hot on frozen ice cream. Makes 1 1/2 cups of sauce.

## Suggested Picnic Menus

- Individual Meat Loaves (hard egg center, baked in muffin tins)  
Potato-Cucumber-Gelatin Salad (in glass jar)  
Sardine Sandwiches (brown bread)  
Plain Lettuce and Butter Sandwiches (white bread)  
Cup Cakes (baked in paper)  
Patriotic Ice Cream (vanilla cream with crushed peppermint candy)  
Punch, Lemonade or Coffee

- Chicken Fricassee with Gravy (electric cooker)  
Home-Made Rolls (baked in paper plate)  
Peas or Chutney Relish Pickles  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad (mixed in the spot)  
Cantaloup Melons (with cone of vanilla cream)  
Punch, Lemonade or Coffee

- Chicken Pastries, Individual  
Shrimp, Hard Egg and Potato Salad (mixed on the spot)  
Buttered Bread Slices  
Frozen Fruit Salad Dessert (frozen and carried in freezer)  
Punch, Lemonade or Coffee

- Cubed Round Steak, Tomatoes, Bacon  
Bouillon (fry, skewered "à la K")  
Rolls stuffed with Peas and Dressing (baked)  
Corn on Cobs (baked at outdoor fire)  
Watermelon or Huckleberries  
Coffee

WHEN YOU SAY-PABST SO COOLING

When the sun beats down, Pabst is a satisfying all day companion. Here's a beer you can depend upon—a beer that has its refreshment, purity and wholesomeness brewed into it by ninety-three years of experience.

At work—at mealtime—or at play—there's a heap of yourself comfort ready for you the moment you pour TapaCan or handy new style bottle. Pabst, with all its extra quality, is every man's beer—the favorite of millions the country over. You get so much more in cooling refreshment when you say Pabst.

**Pabst**  
EXPORT BEER  
Keglined

**full 3 lbs**

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ALWAYS THE SAME HIGH QUALITY

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**Safely**

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WILL NOT RUB OFF

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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST because easiest to clean

**TAKE MY TIP HAVE LOTS OF FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT THIS SUMMER—SO EASY TO SERVE AND EVERYBODY LOVES IT**

## Drink the juice—use the sections for fruit cups, salads, desserts

PLANNING summer meals is so much easier with Florida grapefruit. There's nothing tastes so good on a hot day. And it's ready to serve in a jiffy—sections or juice—just open the can.

Have it for breakfast often. Drink the juice between meals. Add grapefruit to your fruit cups and fruit

drinks. Serve grapefruit salads and desserts. Its tangy flavor is just what lullies hot weather appetites crave. And it's so good for you—supplies valuable vitamins and mineral salts, alkalizes, helps you stand the heat better. Buy some canned Florida grapefruit and grapefruit juice today. Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.

**Buy a DOZEN CANS AT A TIME SECTIONS OR JUICE**

## Put a Little Ginger In Your Party Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,  
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

**Fruit Gingerbread.**  
MIX flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar. Add ½ cup chopped raisins, ½ cup finely-sliced preserved ginger, and ½ cup shredded blanched almonds. Mix ½ cup butter and ½ cup molasses. Bring to boiling-point and combine with first mixture. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and mix well. Turn into a buttered loaf pan and bake about 1 hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

**Gingerbread with Frozen Whipped Cream.**  
CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar and 3 well-beaten eggs. Beat until smooth. Mix and sift 3 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons soda, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Add alternately with 1 cup buttermilk and 1 cup molasses to the first mixture. Turn into 3 buttered and floured layer cake pans lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve while warm with frozen whipped cream.

**Ginger Gelatin Dessert.**  
SOAK 1½ tablespoons gelatin in 1 cup of cold water for 10 minutes. Dissolve in 1 cup of boiling water. Add 2 tablespoons finely-chopped preserved ginger. Mix 2 tablespoons ginger syrup, 2 well-beaten egg yolks and 1 pint cream and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until creamy and beat until nearly cold. Then add the cold dissolved gelatin mixture and mix thoroughly. Turn into mold, chill, unmold and serve with whipped cream.

**Raisin Gingerbread.**  
CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted brown sugar and 2 well-beaten eggs. Mix and sift 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon soda, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and ½ teaspoon cloves. Add alternately with ½ cup milk and 1 cup molasses to the first mixture. Add 1 cup raisins. Turn into a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for about 40 minutes.

**Ginger Nuts.**  
CREAM 1 cup butter, add 1 pound of sugar and cream thoroughly. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and blend well. Add 1 pound of flour sifted with ½ of 2 tablespoons white ginger. A little finely-chopped candied orange peel may be added. Shape into small balls. Bake in a rather hot oven or at about 375 degrees, but do not allow the cakes to burn. This recipe will make about three or four dozen little cakes.

**Loaf Gingerbread.**  
MIX and sift 4 cups flour, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon cloves. Add 1 cup softened (not melted) butter and mix thoroughly. Add 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups molasses and 4 eggs and beat vigorously until smooth. Turn into two buttered bread pans. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

**Old-Fashioned Gingerbread Pudding.**

WASH, pare, core and slice 3 tart apples. Mix ½ cup sugar with the apples and sprinkle with the juice of ½ lemon. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate

oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 25 minutes. Beat 1 egg until light. Add ½ cup sugar, milk and 1 cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mace and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Beat vigorously and add 2 tablespoons melted butter. Pour over the hot apples. Bake for about ½ hour in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve hot with any desired sauce or with plain or frozen whipped cream.

**Ginger Ice Cream.**  
MIX and sift ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir into 1 cup of scalded milk and 1 cup of scalded cream, and cook over hot water for about 20 minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Add a little of the hot mixture to 1 egg yolk and return to the hot milk. Stir constantly for about 3 minutes or until egg is cooked. Strain, add ½ cup preserved ginger. Cool and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze as usual.

## American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3666—COOL AS A BREEZE, AND DELIGHTFUL FOR EVERY OCCASION

THIS Dainty frock that boasts an ankle-length party version. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric; 3½ yards ½-inch ribbon.

YOUR TABLE THAN THIS EXQUISITE CLOTH OF Dainty Lace? FOR CROCHET! Pattern 3670 contains directions for crocheting the 7½-inch square shawl; a photograph of it and an illustration of it and of the stitches required; material requirements.

Pattern 3668—CANT YOU VISION THIS PICTURE OF LOVELINESS STITCHED UP IN COLORFUL PRINTED VOILE OR WASHABLE SYNTHETIC? Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3667—BE A STUNNING "QUEEN" IN THIS DASHING SPORTSWEAR WITH BRIEF, CAP SLEEVES, V-NECKLINE AND FLARED SKIRT! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3669—TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF A WELL-FITTING PRINCESS SLIP OR A CAPTIVATING PETTICOAT—BOTH FROM ONE SIMPLE PATTERN. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric for slip, 2 yards for petticoat.

Pattern 3545—THREE CHEERS FOR A JAUNTY SHIRTPROCK THAT'S RIGHT FOR AFTERNOON WEAR AND BEQUEATHES SLIM, FLATTERING LINES TO EVERYONE! Designed for women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3670—WHAT COULD BE MORE FESTIVE FOR

## More Ginger Recipes

**Ginger Mousse.**  
BEAT 1½ cups cream until stiff, adding ½ cup powdered sugar and ½ teaspoon salt gradually. Add ½ cup finely-chopped preserved ginger and 1 or 2 tablespoons ginger syrup. Turn into tray of mechanical ice-box and freeze or pack in ice and salt, using 2 parts ice to 1 part of salt.

**Ginger Sandwiches.**  
FINELY chop dates and preserved ginger in any desired proportion. Moisten with ginger syrup and a few drops lemon

juice. Cook to a smooth paste over a very low fire. Spread between thin slices of buttered white or rye bread. Shape as desired.

**Ginger Molasses Pie.**  
MIX 1 cup of brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups molasses, 4 beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water and ginger to taste—finely-chopped preserved ginger or ground ginger. Pour into two party-lined pie plates and bake until firm.

## OUT COMES THE CORN



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Millions praise Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the quick, safe, sure relief for corns, calluses, bunions and tender spots. Go on the pain and the cause (shoe pressure) the instant you apply these thin, soothing, cushioning, medically safe pads. Put them on sore toes caused by new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disk included in every box, and your corns or calluses come out quickly, safely.

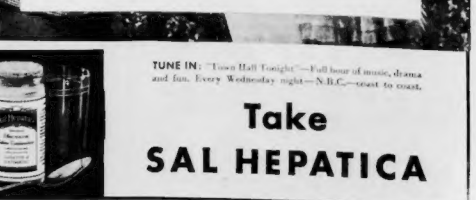
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**Miss Knockout**—head clear, eyes shining, radiating pep—dances every dance. Then writes in her diary, "You surely come back fast when you take the laxative that counteracts gastric acidity. I'm converted to Sal Hepatica!"



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TUNE IN "Two Hot Tingles"—all hour of music, drama and fun. Every Wednesday night—8:30—9:30—tune in.





# Only Norge HAS THE ROLLATOR COLD-MAKING UNIT

Simple—ONLY 3 MOVING PARTS—  
Surplus-powered, Economical,  
Almost Everlasting



10-YEAR  
WARRANTY



## 9 DIFFERENT *Flexible* INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS INSTANTLY CHANGED • EXCLUSIVELY NORGE



1 Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp models offer the most flexible, the most usable interior shelf arrangements. The full size movable insert shelf is shown here in its lower position. Narrower accessory shelf also furnished as standard equipment.



2 Insert shelf in top position and accessory shelf below, allowing bottle necks to project above the lower shelf when standing on the bottom of food compartment.



3 Insert shelf in upper position so that larger articles may be placed on the bottom of the food compartment. These interior arrangements show only three of the nine combinations possible in most of the Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp refrigerators.

A ROLLER ROLLS AND THERE'S ICE! Economical, surplus-powered refrigeration began with Rollator refrigeration... and the Norge Rollator compressor is still the acknowledged masterpiece among refrigeration mechanisms for the home. Its smooth, rolling action—there are only three moving parts—almost eliminates friction. The pennies you spend for current are returned to you as refrigeration dollars—arctic cold even in tropic heat—protection against food waste as well as food spoilage. See the new Norge at your neighborhood dealer and learn how Norge leads where it counts most.

### NEW SENSATIONAL NORGE LOW-TEMP KEEPS FOODS PRIME FRESH 2 TO 5 TIMES LONGER

For the first time all three requirements for perfect home refrigeration are combined in one refrigerator: 1—Temperatures below 40° instead of below 50°. 2—Higher humidity to minimize loss of food moisture. 3—Current cost no greater than for ordinary electric refrigeration. Low-Temp Rollator Refrigeration makes more ice faster. Defrosting periods are much less frequent. Get full details from your Norge dealer.

NORGE DIVISION Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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A BLADE SLIDES  
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